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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1921.

To a Man Unnamed

(ABOUT 100 B.C.)

By Sturge Moore

I WRITE to thee, O wanderer from my heart,
And know not when or whether this stick wound
With parchment find thee; if indeed thou art
Not travelled through dark kingdoms underground
Where, soul that flimsier stuff than flesh clings round,
Thou sighest to less effect than I do here.
Out of earshot, beyond day's faint blue bound,
Near those whose life is more than our own dear
Wherever they may go, walk danger, death, and fear.

A false smile lights the beauty of this bay:
Our temple on the headland has been robbed:
A pirate stole the goddess yesterday:
Our hearts still ache to have so wildly throbbed,
Yet still her pine grove has not stirred or sobbed.
Slow-oared he toiled off, heavy with his freight,
Opposed by no black surges. Dolphins bobbed
Through blue serene: an unconcern so great
Mocked us, who trod on nettles, forced to watch and wait.

Some said, " The surface ruffles two mile out,
Once there his pinnace may hoist sail and shape
What course she will." But then hope veered about;
A trireme thrashed full speed around the cape:
The robber even despaired of his escape.

She by moonlight the night before had come
Up from the west—timber and stone ascrape
Had poled to mole-side berth amid a hum
Roused from the slumber of Myrina white and dumb.

Bion, who loves to find the moorcock's nest
And often wanders inland with his dogs,
Had hailed our Olpis somewhere on the crest,
Climbing sheep-walks to fire the beacon logs:
So down the ridge's farther flank he jogs
And brings our news hot to the captain's ear.
A drum with slaves and soldiers quickly clogs
The gangways to the trireme: soon she steers
Anew to sea, rounds the great headland and appears

Resplendent as a timely god to us.
Then lo! this latest strongest hope is slain!
How loth we are to admit the world is thus!
True thou hadst taught me over and over again
That, like these pirates, men have eyes in vain!
That the rich Roman pays was all they knew
—Will frustrate Rome's laws may he thereby gain
Somewhat to feed his pomp or lewdness; true
When beauty no more leads, virtue deserts us too.

Long before noon our dazzled eyes grew stiff
Glued on the robber rigging tackle and, while
He lowered the goddess dangling down the cliff,
Hardly could glance whether Olpis fired that pile.
At last, the trireme clears the point, we smile
Convinced they will be captured. Horror! No!
Yes, they lift the statue, recklessly vile!
And heave it o'er the stern, stone-like to go
Where she, no gain to them, plunged us in deeper woe.

Befriended by the breeze they spread sail, left
As moorcock leaves a dog, the trireme staring
Keen, strong, and fleet in vain! Vain too their theft;
Yet they light-hearted down the wind were faring,
The world before them and as little caring
As thou, for those who cannot follow—life
Mocking law, now mocking once, fact daring
Prediction to refuse belief. . . .

* * * * * *

TO A MAN UNNAMED

Three weeks have worn out since I broke this off,
For distant lands seemed deaf when I began
And my voice fluttered seawards like a moth;
In vain I through a list of cities ran:
They were but names, thou wast a living man
Crowded from view, as out there under water
Our goddess lies, though yet I never can
Decide the spot whence we peered down when brought there
By the small boat in which we hour on hour had sought her.

To search the bay had grown my daily need.
When found, she shimmered tremulously white
So small on dim rocks soft with feathery weed!
Shoals of fish passed between us dun or bright
With silver-winking sides. The baffled sight,
Although we knew she smiled, could not receive
Her greeting. "Lies not her lifted right
Arm strangely?" Olpis set the boat a-heave
And with wild swirl and gush did that deep dreamland cleave.

He kneels beside her. Yes, he shifts it, yes
Her arm is broken! Do not mock at me;
I lay, benightmared, thine, all tenderness,
Only last night weighed down as by a sea.
Though thou couldst touch me I could not touch thee.
Thy lips could murmur, mine seemed carved in stone;
Thine eager gaze lost fire so mournfully
Mine could not even tell thee thou wast known
Till ghost-like thou must fade and leave my trance alone.

Ah! so thou, unseen, fadest day by day:
The bliss once ours yawns like that rifled shrine:
Soon thou wilt live less than dead poets may
Winging our souls with buoyancy divine;
Yet all their power over me is thine
Who taught me, though thy junior and a girl,
To ponder verse until its pulse was mine—
Watch imagery like some rose-bud unfurl
And haunt deep places till I could bring back a pearl.

Too many fathoms down she lies and thou
Hast been too long afar for me to haul
That altered and reluctant face which now
Smiles on new friends, back to the fragile small
Bark of my life. How prize this beach with all
That sea of distance rich with gems more rare
Than my lorn heart? Could the horizon's wall
Be pierced, as I might drowning sink to her,
Death would seem kind as sleep, so I lay near thee there!

Although these eyes shrink not from my salt tears,
Yet nothing will induce their lids to part
Under sea-water—locked with iron fears
Though they can flutter like my ailing heart
When the white-bellied swallows round me dart
As I bask on the cliff. Olpis would teach
Me how to dive—began—but from the start
Our efforts were proved vain, for if I reach
Those depths quite blind, as well remain upon the beach

Which I still idly crunch apace with Grief
Who looks so handsome yet has nought to give—
No rare thought, no caress, but like a thief
Still robs sweet Long-ago that he may live
And dons importance Rapture was cloaked with;
Yet, as though I by him might hope to breed
Or found his stale reports restorative,
I cling and follow. Ah! he knows my need,
And mimics thy dear voice on which I starve and feed.

Across my thought it comes like a young wind
How thou gazest ahead, I on the past:
The tree whose boughs the autumn storms have thinned
Yearns for next summer's leaves and not for last.
—O Mother of Dreams, hither with raised hand cast *
Seed of sound slumber: on thy bended arm
Drowse two babe-visions; one with lips glued fast
Drinks beauty; to be dropped and nestle warm
In human cot the other waits, full-charged with charm.

* This passage is evidently addressed to the foundered statue and describes it. No remaining work of antique sculpture represents such an Aphrodite, Mother of Visions; nor does any carry two infants on the left arm.

TO A MAN UNNAMED

I long to breathe that magic spore of sleep
So needful for the worn and weary brain.
Send infant plumpie arms and knees to creep
Home to my heart's deep cradle once again
Where nightmares toil with an old obdurate pain.
Since couched on dainty sea-fern thou liest wrecked
Must prayer for thy compassion plead in vain?
To heal and lift is thine, not to deject;
Lo! grief's long winter warms; yet what can I expect?

Weak thoughts, weak arms have I, and therefore moan.
In books and minds this is a barren coast!
Among its folk his head towered up alone:
They of their vines and olives think and boast,
Not of their one man sent the world. At most
Fortune may make me some rich vintner's wife,
Surprise for the lettered guest of such a host.
Ah! the thought stabs my courage like a knife,
Yet I must flatter and nurse it back from dreams to life.

—Look, Courage, beauty drowned lights up our bay,
Peers out through tears in each fresh opened flower
That from the path side greets thee with "Good-day!"
How can a heart resist this dancing hour?
The feet of Olpis thrill with tip-toe power.
Some evil in unharvested love must lurk
That as a drop of stale turns fresh milk sour—
Curdles youth, ah!—does fresh adventure irk
Me only, while he glows with life and love and work?

Our isle's one masterpiece beneath the wave,
Her one rare soul drowned deeper in far lands:
Though Sappho and Aspasia look so brave
Rare is the glory woman's strength commands!
With my two memories and these weak hands
Can I retrieve those ocean-whelmèd things
That sink and become dreams, while truth expands
Like calm sea that a rich-shored distance rings
Round one who cannot swim, to whom a halcyon sings?

Come, let me roll this up and seal it too,
Though not to send it, for I know not where.
When they replace our goddess with the new
I'll hang it with a large tress of my hair
Where once her smiling gaze would rest, and there
Hard by the door-post let it swing and sway
With every sea-breath; storm must clatter, tear
My votive gift and drench it with salt spray,
That the last vestige with my life be worn away.

Night-Cries

By Ernest Blake

O PLOVER, crying, crying as you fly
  Through the lone night,
Keening beneath the pale out-wearied sky
  Your dolorous plight;

Wailing of eager, unfulfilled desires,
  And formless fears,
You wake in me the sting of dying fires,
  Forgotten tears.

The grinning, hunchback moon, astride a cloud,
  Mocks at our cry;
So for a million ages has he mowed
  Unheedingly.

The Neo-Monroe Doctrine

By E. J. Dillon

FEW people, even among the business community of Great Britain, take an intelligent interest in the destinies of Mexico, despite the generally admitted fact that, owing to its incalculable wealth, mineral and agricultural, the struggle between Europe and the United States for its lucrative markets bids fair to become superlatively keen within the next few years. The area of the Republic equals that of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Greece and Cuba. The population of these States is computed at 220 million souls, while that of Mexico, despite its superior resources, numbers little more than fifteen millions. Among the countries which produce minerals Mexico takes the first place in silver, the second in copper, the third in zinc and lead, and the fourth in gold. Hitherto about eighty per cent. of all goods sold in the Republic were manufactured in Europe. To-day, the industrial corporations of the United States are making a strenuous effort to oust European manufactures from the markets, and the State Department in Washington is encouraging the effort by every means in its power. Among the forms of pressure of which it disposes is the Monroe Doctrine, which is being quietly transformed for the purpose.

There can be little doubt that all the terms of recognition outlined by Mr. Fall in the report of the Senate sub-committee—and they included direct intermeddling in internal affairs—would have been imposed on Mexico, had the revolution headed by General Obregón been quelled. For they were drawn up specially to meet a particular situation and to solve the problems to which it gave rise. And Cuban history leaves no doubt in our minds what the course of Mexico's affairs would then have been. As it chanced, however, the Mexican people was ripe for reform, rose up in arms, and overthrew the system that was exposing

it to that danger. Its present leader inspired it with a growing passion for social justice which is fast bearing fruit, and he implanted in the soul of the whole nation a sentiment of dignity and self-respect which will stand it in good stead during the work of reconstruction which has already begun. Every kind of outside pressure put upon the people under the new conditions will therefore operate as a potent irritant, and that the Mexicans should so regard the terms demanded them as the price of recognition is neither surprising nor blameworthy.

With the overturn of the Carranza's *régime*,* and the reversal of his policies, the motive and justification of the Fall recommendations vanished, and a new epoch was inaugurated. But the lack of preparation in the inelastic minds of North American politicians for this swift transformation, and the strong influence of certain insatiable oil companies,† partially account for the tenacious clinging of the principal framer of the recommendations to what might aptly be designated the *magnum opus* of his public life. One can sympathise with a diligent worker who, after a protracted period of strenuous toil, planning for the expansion of his own country at the expense of another, and fancying he had devised a new and puissant agency for the reorganisation of the state systems of all the world, beholds the outcome of his labour made valueless and void by the achievements of a citizen of the backward nation whose moral quality and political vision placed him all at once in the front rank of reforming statesmen. What Mr. Fall offered was a form of guardianship which would admit of the United States bringing up Mexico by hand. What General Obregón actually accomplished was to set his country on its legs and render it wholly independent of ethical, political and economic wardship. And one of the chief causes of the deplorable misunderstandings between the two Republics to-day lies in the inability or slowness of the North American Government to realise that the necessity for the drastic remedial measures prescribed by the distinguished ex-Senator has disappeared. He is a poor surgeon who would insist on amputating a limb after

* Carranza was President of the Mexican Republic until May, 1920, when he lost his life fighting against the forces of the Reform Party under Obregón.

† Of North American nationality.

it had recovered its pristine strength and flexibility. But there are such.

The roots of the matter, however, lie deeper than a mistake in political diagnosis, and extend further than the boundaries of the Mexican Republic. They spread to all the lands of the American Continent south of the Rio Grande, and may be labelled the Neo-Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Fall's suggestions, Mr. Hughes's condition of recognition, the various demands, strivings and protests of certain foreign capitalists in Mexico, are all so many tentacles of the doctrine of Monroe. And one of the indirect consequences of the world-war which has stricken so many European Powers with palsy is the creation of conditions exceptionally favourable to its resuscitation, growth and speed.

The Monroe Doctrine, long dormant and never authoritatively defined, is looked upon by easygoing Americans as an old-fashioned weapon of defence against Europe's long-forgotten velleities of conquest by means of colonisation. And they consign it to the dusty archives rather than to the arsenal of effective political armaments. Those among them to whom current history is not a sealed book invoke good authority for their contention. For example, William Graham Sumner, the patriotic American, terms the doctrine a fetish, and asks: "Does the United States intend to deny that the States of South America are independent States open to access by any other nations and liable to have any kind of friendly or unfriendly relations with European States such as any two independent States may have with each other?" President Wilson answered that question in the following passage of a public speech: "It is none of my business . . . how long they (the Mexican people) take in determining what their Government should be. Their country is theirs. The Government is theirs. Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted, and spilt as much blood as they pleased, in settling their affairs? And shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say."* That interpretation was as authoritative as any. And it reassured the States of Latin America, whose peace

* Speech delivered at Indianapolis on January 8, 1915. In June of the same year the President struck a wholly different note, but that was ignored in Mexico City.

of mind had been disturbed by the imperialistic utterances of responsible and irresponsible politicians. But President Wilson's successor implicitly puts a different construction on it, as indeed Mr. Wilson himself did in other declarations and acts of his. And yet Mexico and the sister Republics are expected, nay, enjoined, by Mr. Fall to accept formally, solemnly, and irrevocably what he is pleased to term the "Monroe Doctrine." Those Americans who complain that one Mexican President is apt to reverse the political maxims of his predecessor and go on a wholly new tack are the best qualified to comprehend the bewilderment of the Mexicans when faced by these contradictions and the fervour of their desire to be freed from the painful uncertainty now prevailing respecting the policies of successive administrations of the United States.

That lucid statement was not the only one given to the world by Mr. Wilson.

Incidentally that President dealt a stunning blow to the imperialist interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine when he announced that "all the Governments of America stand, so far as we are concerned, upon a footing of genuine equality and unquestioned independence."* And Mexicans pertinently ask how they can satisfy the demands of the great Northern Republic if one of its Presidents contradicts or cancels the solemn utterances of his predecessor in a matter of such moment. And following the American demand for a treaty defining this reciprocal relation, they ask for an authoritative definition of the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Sumner, commenting upon President Cleveland's reference to the doctrine, wrote: "He talks about the Monroe Doctrine and he tells us solemnly that it is true and sacred, whatever it is. He even undertakes to give some definition of what he means by it; but the definition which he gives binds nobody, either now or in the future, any more than what Monroe and Adams meant by it binds anybody now not to mean anything else."† In another passage the same author says: "If you want war, nourish a doctrine . . . it would ruin a doctrine to define it, because then it could be analysed, tested, criticised and verified;

* Message to Congress, December 7, 1915.

† *War and Other Essays*, by W. G. Sumner, p. 38.

but nothing ought to be tolerated which cannot be so tested."* Accordingly the Monroe Doctrine has never been authoritatively defined. It is a blank cheque on which any sum may be written by the State Department in Washington. Hence Mexico refuses to sign it.

If the principles underlying those important pronouncements represented the policy of the United States Government, as might well be the case, seeing that President Wilson was as great an authority on the subject as President Monroe, the doctrine might decently be buried, for it would certainly be dead. But in the course of the world-war this canon, quickened into fresh vitality by combination with a principle misnamed "manifest destiny," has tacitly become the palladium of certain superior races who feel themselves charged with a providential mission to guide their lesser brethren and shoulder the "white man's precious burden." To-day, therefore, under the pressure of economic necessity, the dogma and its gloss bid fair to crystallise into a political maxim which may be formulated thus: "If an inferior nation cannot or will not develop the natural resources of the country it inhabits, the superior race on the other side of its frontiers has the right and the duty to develop them and to take the inferior nation under its guidance."

In effect, certain progressive peoples are seriously reconsidering the accepted doctrines of democracy, progress and self-determination, with a view to their amendment. Limitations have already been set upon these and upon various other forms of liberty. The State has begun to make weak-willed individuals virtuous by statute, and from this to the reformation of weak-willed States by a neighbouring super-State in the name of humanity and economics there is only a step, and it looks as though it, too, would shortly be taken. Such is the trend of social thought to-day among those advanced nations who believe that their moral vision fits them for the work of discerning the needs of their backward neighbours and devising the ways and means of satisfying these. The functions of government are thus being stretched so as to cover part of the sphere formerly regulated by religion and the moral law.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 36.

This innovation looks like the prelude to a new altruistic move which will bring together in close contact the lion and the lamb, the hawk and the pheasant. And neither the lamb nor the pheasant likes the prospect. It is generally considered an ill sign to see the fox manifest tenderness towards the lamb. This introduction of "morality" into international polity was applied at the Peace Conference in Paris in the shape of the system of mandates for such backward and wealthy lands as Mesopotamia, Persia and Syria, and it bids fair to leaven politics with this new type of international ethics in other regions and in a way never struck out before. It may become in the international sphere what prohibition is in the national. In the western hemisphere it was implicitly adopted by the versatile President Wilson when he wrote to Carranza: "I, therefore, call upon the leaders of Mexico to act . . . If they cannot accommodate their differences, and unite for this great purpose within a very short time, this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people."* Here we have the magic word fated to attract and crystallise the floating ideas and aspirations of the new era which have not yet been embodied in practical politics. Mexico must be helped to save herself. And yet her Government "stands upon a footing of genuine equality." President Roosevelt, with whom I had the privilege of exchanging views on this subject, upheld the same principle, and looked to it for the solution of the Latin American riddles. Publicly he laid it down † that "chronic wrong-doing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, *and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.* It is a mere truism to say that every nation, whether in America or elsewhere, which desires to maintain its freedom, its independence, must ultimately realise that the right of such independence

* Note dated June 2, 1915.

† In his annual Message to Congress in 1904.

cannot be separated from the responsibility of making good use of it." But who is the judge? The Power that is able and willing to employ force? And suppose its economic interest in intervening overbears its judgment, what then? Is there to be no appeal? Apparently not.

Now that would seem to be the accepted way of applying the enlarged Monroe Doctrine to-day on the principle that duty changes with conditions and rights expand commensurately with responsibilities. All that is further needed in order to reveal the concrete embodiment of the canon thus widened and raised to the status of a world-policy is to determine which are the nations thus qualified to intervene helpfully in the internal affairs of a restless neighbour, for the laudable purpose of raising barriers to the possible spread of anarchism and attuning progress there to the rhythm of the culture-bearing race. The necessity of instructing the executors of the Monroe Doctrine, who were already admittedly the protectors of a whole continent against foreign aggressions, with the interpretation and maintenance of the basic principles of social stability, and accepting them as moderators and mentors of backward American communities in matters of social, political and moral advancement, and of generalising this principle and extending this trust, is being slowly stamped into the political consciousness of the leaders of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world.

At first sight it seems to be a maxim capable of working vast changes in the destinies of the human race by conjoining resolute will with overmastering power and quickening both with lofty ethical professions. But the student of history knows that world-wide policy, however mild and moral, invariably challenges world-wide resistance, for it assumes what cannot be accepted universally —that all kinds of culture must give way to that of a single type. And this is especially true when the privileged form is believed to consist mainly in material well-being, mechanical morality and spiritual pretensions.

It is fair to add that in such a classification of nations the ethical values are necessarily relative. W. G. Sumner lays it down plainly that this doctrine is but "a glib and convenient means of giving an appearance of rationality to an exercise of superior force." And it is impossible to

gainsay the statement.* He further avers that: "There is something hideous in the attitude of one community standing over another to see whether the latter is 'fit for self-government.' Is lynching or race rioting," he asks, "or negro burning, or a row in the legislature, or a strike with paralysed industry, or a disputed election, or a legislative deadlock, or the murder of a clamant official . . . or financial corruption and jobbery, proof of unfitness for self-government? If so, any State which was stronger than we might take away our self-government on the ground that we were unfit for it. It is therefore simply a question of *power*, like all the other alleged grounds of interference of one political body with another, such as humanity, sympathy, neighbourhood, internal anarchy, and so on."†

This deliberate judgment of the eminent American sociologist is identical with that of serious Mexican politicians. They too feel and say that if Mexico were a country devoid of natural riches, no Great Power would worry much about its ethical or social advancement. They would look elsewhere for the white man's burden, and first scrutinise its contents. "Some righteous folk," exclaimed a Mexican to me, "would be disappointed if there were no wealthy peoples backward or peccant enough to need salvation from without." The remark is true. None the less, it is refreshing to know that there are men who prefer to lay greater store by the saving of their brother's soul than by the cut of their coat or the colour of their tie, and nations which think that they set a lower rate on their trade and industries in a foreign land than on the moral upbringing of its inhabitants.

But if a privileged race be qualified to sit in judgment on less progressive peoples, is it equally capable of deciding what is good for them? No one conversant with contemporary history can truly answer that query in the affirmative. As a whole, the politico-social institutions of communities of English speech are passably good in themselves and in a rough way suit the peoples who elaborated them, because they have grown out of their needs and of their national and racial consciousness. But only a visionary would regard them as appropriate to all other nations and races.

* *Earth Hunger and Other Essays*, by W. G. Sumner, p. 54.
† *War and Other Essays*, by W. G. Sumner, pp. 349-350.

Neither the British conception of self-determination nor the North American interpretation of individual liberty will commend itself to France, Italy, or Japan. And as for the craze of imposing the institutions of either upon such backward communities as Persia or Mexico, it would be little less than a crime against humanity. Indeed it is no exaggeration to affirm that most of Mexico's tribulations are the direct outcome of her own foolish effort to model her political system upon that of the United States, and of the resolve of the United States Governments to punish her for the results.

None the less, the new canon, which might be termed the doctrine of ethical guardianship, may possibly be incorporated for a time among the unwritten laws of nations in the new era which has begun. Already at the Paris Conference it received, as we saw, the implicit assent of the greater and greedier States which profited by it considerably. They freely gave and took mandates to protect well-to-do wards—but fought shy of poor ones—on the ground that moral responsibility and guardianship are the correlates of political power and high moral standing. And in the near future, wherever on the globe there happens to be a strong, thriving, order-loving, assimilating and progressive people, and beside it a restless, backward, potentially wealthy, politically incohesive State, there will be a strong temptation to apply the principle.

Divested of its moral wrappages it is the doctrine of might. As General Obregón puts it: "The world-war is obliging great nations to choose between force and justice, and the little ones can escape from force only by submitting to justice."

Force decked out in the garb of ethics would seem to be the one fixed and immutable point in the various doctrines which still inspire Latin-Americans—"the inferior races"—with alarm. For what it connotes is the Anglo-Americanisation of the western hemisphere.

The North American politician who dwells in the high politico-spiritual latitudes of righteousness professes to regard Mexico as a huge decaying organism at the very doors of his country, and proclaims that it has become a danger not merely to group interests, or to legitimate political aims, but also and especially to the normal progress of

the world. And he refuses to inquire whether the germs of the decay were imported or nurtured by outside influences, as Mexicans assert, and deliberately cultivated by outside sordid interests. He takes the ground that, the whole organism being tainted with gangrene, it is bootless to seek to heal this or that symptom. Of all Mexico's democratic institutions he denies that there is one which is real. Of all its avowed aspirations he perceives none that are attainable. Every native effort put forth to stay the moral, social and political dissolution which has played such havoc with the people he dismisses as nugatory. Riveting his gaze on the past, he is blind to the present and incredulous about the future. Hence, to his thinking, none of the functions of an organised community is being discharged, none of the objects of civilised society is being achieved: the State is without a Government, the people are devoid of guidance, misery stalks a country which abounds in all the resources necessary and adequate to material well-being. Relations between the governing and the governed, between this racial element of the population and that, between the judicial and the executive powers, between the States and the Federal Government, although defined by paper laws, are in perpetual flux and inextricable confusion. That such a diseased body should be left decomposing in the sun during a period of psychic epidemics, is contrary to that common sense which is to be found in the soul of every man of Anglo-Saxon blood.

Such is the gist of the staple argument in favour of prompt action and drastic expedients. Official recognition of the Obregón administration will not silence or discourage those who rely upon it to-day. It is one of those obsessions or pretexts which are independent of the reasons advanced for holding it. Hence it is argument-proof.

Dom Sylvanus*

By Vernon Lee

With thanks to M.E.M.P.

"The corruption of this venerable monastery stinks through the whole world, and poisons piety at its very sources," said Pope Amaranth, as he sat at supper the day he had deposed and immured the stiff-necked Abbot. "And only a saint can reform it. But where shall we find a saint nowadays?" For all the saints he had come across had preached and prophesied against himself, and had needed to be burnt, or at least thrown into dungeons, to stop their rantings about Ahab and Herod.

"Where find a saint?" repeated Pope Amaranth, removing his lips from a cup of Cyprus wine kept in ice in the Abbot's cellar under the mountain. There was a dead silence, and all the dignitaries of the order looked uneasily at one another, fearing what might come next. But after a moment the Reverend Brother Chief Forester came forward and, prostrating himself before the Pope and Theodosia Countess of Tusculum, for whom His Beatitude showed such regrettable partiality, he spoke:

"Holy Father, the herdsmen and charcoal burners have told me of a saint who has dwelt since years without number on a remote ledge of this mountain, feeding on wild herbs and conversing only with birds and stocks and stones and clouds, but working many miracles for those who sought him out. Methinks your Beatitude might perchance employ this man for your high purpose."

"Bring him incontinently into our presence," answered the Pope; "send all the shepherds and woodmen and such as burn charcoal in search of this saintly solitary, this —what did you say his name was?"

"Dom Sylvanus."

* * * * * *

The above fragment, to which should be added a post-script stating that the anchorite refused all summons and

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withdrew into the uttermost mountain fastnesses whence Pope Amaranth determined to dislodge and capture him, the above entry headed "Dom Sylvanus" stands in the notebook I kept thirteen years ago during my first stay, in early summer, at Vallombrosa. The fascination, to my mind, of that singular place lay in the contrast, or rather harmony, between its far-spreading mountain forests and the vast monumental abbey, towered and moated, in the green lap between rocky bluffs edged with serried combs of fir, black pennons and white stems which the mists alternately veiled and disclosed at what, thus half swathed in vapours, became immeasurable heights, as happens in the mountains. A huddled mass of mediæval buildings, like those of the rival forest-abbey of Camaldoli, would indeed have been more picturesque to the eye, but far less appealing to, at least, my fancy, than this perfect pomp of rectilinear spread, these architectural doors and windows and flights of steps behind the straightness of the enclosing garden, and under the well-spaced protection of belfry and battlemented tower. Even the square fishpond, with fine stone benches and copings, the classic pillared chapels almost like temples here and there in the woods, suggested a Pope Amaranth, while the delicately carved stone crosses which, here and there, mark the abbey bounds in the forest and along the roads, became to my mind (and were not their bases engraved with a crozier?) such staves of office as an imperious pontiff would wrest from the jewel-gloved, perhaps the steel-gloved, hands of an overweening and duly punished abbot. And as to the magnificent regularity of the forest glades and vistas, they made one think of hunting and hawking trains, and prelates following in litters slung between mules. All that became personified for me in Amaranth, the voluptuous, headstrong, usurping more than abbot, pope.

But besides all this there were the high, rough places where the woods thinned out on the mountain top into pasture and heath among outcropping stone, where sheep and goats browsed among wind-dwarfed beeches and lay down in the lee of snow-weathered rocks, with the endless folds and jags of distant mountains closing up every valley and making like a billowy blue plain all round them: ledges where the air, instead of the fir-incense, smelt of

thyme and the honey of broom; where the wind piped ceaselessly in scabious and dry thistles. All that was, of course, not Amaranth. And what it was, or who, was suggested to me by the rude bearded effigy, perhaps commemorating the original founder, which I noticed carved on boundary stones and crosses in the forests: a face snub-nosed, wide-mouthed, with straggling beard and hair, almost a satyr's. That became Sylvanus. And naturally an anchorite of the highest, windy places barely within the abbey bounds. And who, in some way wholly unspecified, came into collision, perhaps into eventual harmony, with Pope Amaranth of the abbey.

The matter has remained at that stage these thirteen years and more, refusing to be rounded off into a story. Until, just three days ago, the sequel suddenly came into my mind. We had been to Camaldoli and were making for Vallombrosa on the homeward way, when, in a second, just as the motor swung up the long, flattish ascent, thin scrub, and burnt pasture of the Consuma Pass, *there* was the end of my story; as distinct as the blue thistles along the road, and the flocks of sheep, nose to nose against the wind, resting on their autumn journey seawards. No doubt my unwilling brain was at last stimulated to response by the upward hurtle of the motor and the rushing coolness of the mountain air. Or else what did the trick may have been the intense remembrance, if you can call remembrance what is still a present impression, of the great road we had seen plunging up the woods at Camaldoli. Anyway, here was the end of my story, but somehow all gathered into a single simultaneous mass defying consecutiveness: the story as one would have it remembered by the reader, not as it can be presented to him. Let me try to comb out its knots into some kind of narrative, however dishevelled. First, let me repeat that I had, obviously, known all through those years who and what Sylvanus was, that ancient anchorite of the mountain pastures. The effigy on those carved stones in the forest; indeed, the flattened nostrils and goat's beard had conveyed to me that, in this Latin land, his name could only be Sylvanus. What I now understood was how his real nature must have been manifested in a meeting with Pope Amaranth; and how that meeting must have taken place.

For I saw that road, up which we had had time to walk barely a mile, through the fir woods to some unknown destination from the terrace where white bullocks rested from carting timber among the sawn planks to the back of the monastery above the river which drove the saw-mill. That road is wide and smooth, rising very little at the bottom of the deep gorge which squeezes a thin white stony stream: on either side the bare white masts of the firs lift their dark canopy high above the eye, making shade in which no undergrowth can live, themselves alone constituting the forest. The forest, such as it would be remembered by mediæval pilgrims to those remote places; the forest simplified to awfulness, as Lippi actually painted it in certain of his backgrounds. Up this smooth track through that black vertical forest, where Lippi's dismantled stable of the Nativity is replaced by one of those porticoed chapels which look like temples, I saw slowly progressing the wain, drawn by bullocks but spread with eastern embroideries, in which Pope Amaranth, masterful and obstinate, set forth in quest of that anchorite of the high places who had refused his summons. Up and up swayed the oxen, between those incredibly tall white fir-masts and their scant black canopy, alongside the white stony brook; up to I know not where, for I do not know whither or how far this road goes, save to some distant sanctuary. Of course at no sanctuary built by man's hands, distant though it be, could Dom Sylvanus have been met. But wherever that forest road came to an end, Pope Amaranth would alight from his wain, exchanging it doubtless for a litter first slung between mules, and then, where the last vestige of mountain path vanished, raised on the shoulders of the abbey woodmen, hacking through the steepness of sapling beeches, of rugged, wind-warped oaks, clearing as they went with their billhooks the tangles of juniper and broom woven together with thorny bryony; threading their way through the narrow gaps made by goats, to where, once more, the sky is above one and the mountains sit, elbow to elbow, all round; and where the wind has no respect for a pope's hair and garments. And here, at length, Amaranth comes face to face with Sylvanus.

A scarlet-veined smoke of juniper issuing from behind the nearest rocky promontory, and a tongue of orange flame fitfully licking the chilly blue, showed the woodmen of the

Pope's escort that the object of their quest must be within their reach, although he had withdrawn, scared by their repeated summons, to the most inaccessible part of the mountain.

As soon as this was made plain to Pope Amaranth by the Brother Chief Forester, he ordered those woodmen, who had carried him shoulder high, cutting a path through the brushwood, to set him down on the turf starred with minute scented clover. Then, after casting a glance all round at the pale circle of mountains, he took the Brother Forester's billhook in his jewel-gloved hand, and, turning to his escort, "Abide on this spot until I summon you with my golden whistle," he said, "nor let fear or inquisitiveness or any notion of duty or ceremony induce you to infringe my command. The game to be stalked in this place is for me alone; nor, having arrived at its lair, is it fit that any man should share the sport on which I am bent." Which saying, he turned his back to the amazed retinue and, walking with eager step among the junipers scattered upon the grass, was soon lost to their sight in the direction of that fire which marked the hiding place of Sylvanus the Anchorite.

Even as, in the solitary Maremma, a sportsman stalking the scanty roe-deer of those oak woods, or raising the wild boar from the myrtle thicket where he lurks in the daytime, so did Pope Amaranth slide on to his knees and creep warily through the bushes, pausing to disentangle his raiment from the brambles and to cut their tangle where it refused him a passage; silently, and holding his anxious breath lest a sound should startle the strange game he was after. And the herbs which he crushed, the sun-dried, dew-drenched leaves of last year which he pressed into the moss, the evergreen twigs which he severed with his billhook, met his nostrils with wild scents more heady than the frankincense clouding St. John at the Lateran during his Paschal Mass.

So, when at last, emerging from those thickets, he staggered to his feet in the topmost clearing, he found himself in presence of a great slab of outcropping rock, smooth as a threshing-floor, but based and buttressed like an altar which should be laid on the mountain-ridge. In its centre smoked that sacrificial fire, by which squatted the anchorite playing on double pipes to a troop of mountain rams, such

as peer down from crags with twisted horns and ebony-black faces like comely devils. And they pranced on hind legs and danced around on that smooth slab of rock.

Now, at the moment when Pope Amaranth, crawling out of the bushes, regained his feet and saw that sight, a thing stranger still happened, making all voice die in his throat: to wit, that the anchorite, since he it undoubtedly was, stripped off his rough serge smock, and, piping a piercing stave, himself set a-dancing in that ring of horned dancers, blowing the pipes strapped over his bearded mouth, clapping his hands and stamping in rhythm with his hoofs. For from his middle downwards Dom Sylvanus was fashioned like a tall, lean, grey, shaggy he-goat.

When Pope Amaranth, who had come to set that holy man over the great abbey, beheld this sight, he very nearly fled in terror down the steepest side of the mountain; but being, as history tells us, one who had bearded kings and emperors, moreover, as malice whispered, fearing neither man nor devil, he took at once the resolve befitting his magnanimous wisdom. Overcoming panic and stiffening his loosened joints, he glanced around to the bushes, whether or no his carriers had followed him to that spot; and recognising that he was the sole spectator of that strange scene, he thanked an all-wise Providence for favouring his virtuous schemes; and, transferring the bill-hook to his left hand, he extended the right, whence the sacramental glove hung in tatters, in the act of benediction, and said, in clear, solemn tones, "Hail and well met, Sylvanus, my brother."

What else passed between those two on that first meeting by the natural altar-slab entirely surpasses my modest guesswork into times and circumstances so little like our own. Of this, nevertheless, I am certain, that the great monastery was reclaimed to Christ after years of backsliding, by the pious disciplines of a wonder-working anchorite from that mountain, whom the wise and masterful Pope Amaranth had set over it, after deposing and immuring its previous unworthy abbot. Furthermore, that when the new Abbot Sylvanus, having accomplished his great and holy work, was released by Heaven from all his labour, it was in such sanctity that his very sepulchre, some whispered his very cenotaph, adorned with *opus alex-*

andrinum by the Cosmati and protected by a carved Gothic canopy destroyed only by Jesuit vandalism, continued witnessing the long series of miraculous cures which he had wrought in his lifetime. And this circumstance is the more singular a proof of his thaumaturgic virtue that many averred he had not really died at all, but been mysteriously transported, or, according to the correct expression, *translated* back on to the mountain whence Pope Amaranth had drawn him, and where, generation after generation, the charcoal burners and shepherds would from time to time allege to have beheld him vanishing into the thickets while they were building up an oven of sods on a remote spur of the forest, or leading their flock back to the highest pastures after their wintering in the sea valleys.

As regards that first meeting by the natural altar-slab on the mountain-top, there is no record whether Pope Amaranth ever revealed its particulars to anyone; although we may suppose that his wise discretion was put to sore proof by the Lady Theodosia, Countess of Tusculum, for whom this great pontiff showed, alas! such regrettable partiality.

(June, 1907—September, 1920.)

Formalism and Idealism and Modern Tendencies

By A. R. Horwood

To compare the formal and the ideal is at once to institute criticism. Arnold says that "criticism must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims. Even with well-meant efforts of the practical spirit it must express dissatisfaction if in the sphere of the ideal they seem impoverishing and limiting."

Formalism represents the practical spirit Arnold apostrophises. Idealism embraces the higher region of thought and action, defined by Hazlitt thus, "in the ideal there is no fixed stint or limit, but the limit of possibility: it is the infinite with respect to human capacities and wishes." Lowell in estimating the Utopian nature of Spenser's idealism, writes: "He lifts everything, not beyond recognition, but to an ideal distance where no mortal, I had almost said human, flesh is visible."

Here I want to show that formalism, as hitherto, is exercising a baneful influence on human progress and aspirations. By formalism I mean conformity to standard. Formalism is to idealism what heredity is to variation, to use a biological analogy. These two are opposites. Heredity is a valuable principle so long as it is not worn out. Pure breeding of thoroughbreds conserves the best, so long as stamina is sound. If stock is vitiated then variation or crossing is needed. So again the termination of a prosperous empire follows the same laws, as does the fallibility of human institutions, laws, principles, without progress, tending towards worn-out customs, superstitions, as in the Middle Ages. Formalism encourages stagnation, retrogression. Standardisation precludes improvement or new developments. Idealism, on the other hand, like variation, allows all sorts of possibilities, and is instinct with life, energy, by the introduction of fresh ideals, fresh

ideas, fresh thought inspired towards excellence by an inward impetus or force. Formalism, as it were, obeys the laws of gravitation whilst idealism disobeys them.

Let us compare the formalist with a man surveying things from a circumference, everything converging on a centre, each having their own point of view, limited, though different as the radii meeting at a common point, and circumscribed centrifugally. But the idealist views things from a centre centrifugally, not limited by any standard length of radius, and his mind works outward and is infinite in scope and influence. He beholds all things from every possible view-point. He is not self-centred, but his limits are those of the infinite, if it has any.

The formalist relies on reality or the apparent, seeing things as they seem, and sees things from one view-point; the idealist from many. The latter approaches reality which is truly the ideal. The idealist, looking within by Socratic maxim, also looks without and around. The formalist, neglecting this maxim, is immersed in egoism. The formalists are as spectators in an amphitheatre, all watching from different aspects. The idealist is the gladiator, alert, with intense energy, active mind, his imagination stirred by each phase in the contest. He can no more exchange places with the audience than they with him.

Greatness owes nothing to the formal and the commonplace. Instead it reverences those eccentric, often weakling men of special ability, or men of genius, perhaps the descendants of others of extraordinary mind or nature, who, having transcended experience, have turned the world upside down, such as Plato, Socrates, Cæsar, Nelson, Darwin, etc. But formalism, by reducing everything to type, kills genius. In this it is akin to socialism where everything is reduced to sameness, nothingness, and deprived of stimulus, incentive, and of ideals. Unity and diversity, since the world is made up of beings each fulfilling a part, of all grades uniting to accomplish an end, may be regarded as distinct or opposed, though two aspects of reality as a whole. Socialism, an offshoot of formalism, stands to idealism as the false to the true, and is a branch requiring lopping off from the human tree. This is an age, moreover, given up to materialism which is a synonym for formalism, as idealism is akin to the spiritual.

Formalism is shown in the rage for the histrionic, or interpretation of men and things in a picture which is formal. For formality is portrayed in the home life of the day, and there is a lack of brilliance in the plays of the time for this reason. Any outstanding excellence is based on the idealism of the past. The Greek dramatists were original and unique because they worked to an ideal. So did Shakespeare, who was, as they were, inspired by genius, which is the child of the ideal. Neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Elizabethan dramatists were plagiarists.

To-day we are condemned to a fashion for copying. This is the basis of formalism. It permeates every phase of activity in Church, State, education, literature, the stage, and private life. The formalism here contrasted is not that of philosophy which is phenomenal idealism, disregarding matter.

Reviewing the different spheres of human activity where formalism holds sway, its prevalence is no cause for pessimism, for there are idealistic tendencies at work, and on this groundwork there is scope for the optimism bred of its progressive nature to develop.

In the Church, religious practice varying with temperament, since the Oxford movement, ecclesiasticism has promoted formalism by the encouragement of ritualism. In the other direction, too, Protestantism has given birth to a number of cults by its lack of vision or imagination which the other extreme, however, affords. Both offshoots of spiritual religion have developed a set form of their own, building up formalistic systems from which their adherents have no way of escape. Societies like the Swedenborgian are perversions of individual idealistic tenets to a formalistic cult. The cult phase converts what is ideal into the formal. As soon as a set form is established, the ideal is destroyed. So in a sense the Church's hope of fostering the ideal lies in this encouragement of revivals or spiritual crusades of the highest type. The search for truth, accompanied by archæological and biological discoveries confirming the idealistic truth of the Bible, the results of higher criticism, are but the unconscious adoption of an idealistic attitude. The greater tendency towards the modern brotherhood of man breathes of the spirit of the Early Church which was imbued with the

spirit of idealism. The tendency also to enlarge the power of faith, the sanction given to holy unction, to auto-suggestion, psycho-analysis, advocated by Dearmer, shows the Church is ready to tear itself away in many directions from set doctrine or dogma, and to steer itself by a clearer idealistic endeavour. True or Christian Socialism is also another groping by the Church towards true ideals.

In the State there are conflicting aspects of formalism. Each party is regulated by rigid adherence to type. There is no independence. Utopian ideals are stillborn. The desire to help the working classes—is any class anything else?—is a bad copy of foreign methods. Power to-day is another form of tyranny, with the automatic means of making statutes, and uprooting of time-honoured institutions based on true ideals.

Politics is indeed truly formal, with its methods of the gag, guillotine, kangaroo skip, whips, telling, the farce of election, the literal ritual of parliamentary debate, arranged beforehand, its automatic results and procedure; and as such dull, deadly, formal.

This has involved the abortion of all attempts by such men as Chamberlain, Rosebery, Cox, and the exile of the ideal in matters of State. To such an idealist and philosopher as Mr. Balfour politics can seem only a mere state of *impasse*, or deadlock, and statecraft a mere fiasco. Such patriots, and therefore idealists, as Beresford, Cecil, and Lord Roberts, are or were talked down, pooh-poohed. Those who look on at the struggle between the formalists and the few idealists whilst approving the clear insight and genius of the latter are powerless to gain them hearing, if "the House" will not listen. The mere formation of a Coalition in itself is a type of formalism. By sterilising criticism at once idealistic endeavours are neutralised. But there are idealists in and out of the House, and the nation when it makes up its mind will gain them place and hearing.

Education, again, is tied down by antiquated methods, and too wedded to the didactic methods of the past. Still, the teacher is considered omniscient, the pupil as ignorant. Too little attention is given to heuristic methods. Old methods have been improved so far as practical work is concerned, which is encouraged, but this is dictated by utilitarian principles. Teachers have to produce results,

and this gives rise to a mechanical system, and results are poor, in spite of statistics which can prove anything. The value of a thing may be judged by its ethical standard, and the morals of children being conspicuous by their absence shows that education is rotten at the core. But in spite of this there are encouraging signs. There is the rise of Nature Study. Elsewhere I have written of its value as a method for the bringing out of the powers of observation, reasoning, logic, and deduction. It is based upon experiment. More, it teaches ethics, and where, as in poor homes, morals are not taught, it has come as a new principle for good.

Mathematics is much less formalistic than some branches of science to-day, requiring the necessity of applying exact methods to the elucidation of the unknown. Some branches, as arithmetic, mechanics, algebra, etc., are necessarily formal. But in geometry the new principle of imaginary quantities has introduced much of the ideal insomuch that it has been possible to evolve a mathematical theory of spirit. But in ordinary mathematical studies the student is hardly touched by such efforts to rise above the formal. The application of these idealistic principles to other branches of activity, as geology and engineering, is a feature of the future.

Throughout the ages astronomy has always been idealistic in subject matter and practice. Indeed it can never be otherwise, and modern tendencies will only accentuate this, and this must affect kindred sciences.

Geology, which sets out to unravel earth structure in the past by aid of modern agencies, is an idealistic science. Its object is to arrive at the absolute truth as to past and present phenomena, the interpretation of the apparent in terms of the real, an essential feature of idealism. Palæontology, too, attempts to construct an ideal picture of past life from remnants of bygone life, and is wholly ideal in principle. The reconstruction of a fossil organism is a creative work, the palæontologist working entirely from an ideal standpoint.

Evolution itself, as expounded by Darwin and his successors in this field, is the essence of idealism. True, there are formal biologists, but in seeking for origins and principles they are unable to explain the succession and range

of life forms successfully. The increasing number of students of the natural sciences is full of encouragement to the idealist who sees in them the future exponents of his attitude towards life and things.

Psychology, in contradistinction to the physical or even natural sciences, is inevitably idealistic. The Psychical Research Society, experimental in its approach, receiving support from Wallace, Lodge, Crookes, Barrett, Sidgwick, Myers, has an idealistic outlook. Metaphysics, though divided into conflicting schools of thought, is like philosophy, dominated in its thought by the idealism of James, Bergson, and others.

This is an industrial era. Machinery, piecework, specialisation, division of labour, all tend to make men and women machines, and automatons. Hence strikes, in a measure, if protests against such formalism are against such conditions, are not to be condemned. But they are not. The lot of the manager of his own business is far otherwise. He is not subject to the formalistic treatment of the employer. It is the individual, not the industry, that is to be blamed. Sweating and endeavours to get rich quick are largely at the bottom of existing discontent.

Aeronautics is a cogent example of the idealistic nature of this class of mechanical work. It is a material expression, in a way, of idealism, and its popularity is a sign of the idealistic tendency of the times. For in spite of archaic attempts to retain formalism there is a yearning towards the ideal.

In the invention of wireless telegraphy there is a correspondence in the idealistic or spiritual sphere to telepathy, and the growing use of all forms of electrical appliances. X-rays, the potentialities of radium, are also triumphs of idealism over formalism, and penetrating the everyday life and thought of men to-day will continue to-morrow in a progressive manner the thought and ideals of the generations to come.

In the world of medicine there are still two schools, the formal and the ideal. The physician depends on the experience of the past, the surgeon on the pressing force of the present. The latter is guided by an incessant endeavour to improve on the ancient practices of former schools. Pasteur, Lister, and a whole host of psycho-

therapeutic doctors have rendered possible to-day what yesterday would have seemed incredible. Suggestion, autic or otherwise, hypnotism, admittedly psychic, are widely used by the medical profession. The application of anæsthetics, toxins, rational methods of air and sea-water cure, vegetable diet, homœopathic and herbal remedies indicate the desire to shake off the shackles of the past, and to proceed on new lines.

Literature, in spite of its wide range, is still fettered by the methods of the past. Fiction has been increasingly popular since the days of Richardson and Smollett. The greater worth of Dickens, Scott, or Thackeray is recognised by the few, who realise they set out with a higher purpose. The historic writers, too, have little vogue, and biographies of great men have but limited circulation. Works of travel and adventure appeal only to the young, and even their taste is often vitiated by a liking for less healthy literature. The term novel is a misnomer. The same theme is treated each time, only with a different setting.

A few writers of an idealistic tendency have, however, created a furore now and again, such as Marie Corelli, or the similarly original works of George Meredith, and of Wells, whose influence and subject remind one of Lowellian theories and the genius of Edison, or Jules Verne's journey to the moon. There are some other outlets for idealism afforded by the works of Conan Doyle, Maeterlinck, and in some ways by Thoreau, Nietzsche, though his philosophy is all wrong, Tolstoi, and not least our own Kipling, a recipient of the Nobel prize, given to encourage a higher hope to all true idealists.

Poetry is the language of idealism, as prose is that of formalism. The neglect of poetry to-day is a sign of the hold of the latter upon public taste. There have been dull, formal poets, such as Pope and Tupper. The Psalms and Proverbs are as the essence of poetry to the moralisms of the latter. Bailey's *Festus* strikes another note, and is truly idealistic. Where poetry has been fostered, as by the New Poetry Society, it is marked by the encouragement of such idealists as Tennyson, Arnold and Browning, who fanned the flame of idealism into a fire and kindled the thought of the Victorian age and gave it grandeur. That they are widely read to-day is a good augury for the future.

Drama is a replica of the formalism of literature to-day, and characterised by a clinging to tradition. The idealistic tragedy and comedy of Greece, Rome, and Shakespearean times live to remind us that dramatic purpose is idealistic in aim. Kendal, Irving, Wilson Barrett, and a few more stand out as personalities amongst many nonentities of the formalistic school. In no field does idealism stand in greater need of being encouraged than in the drama, which for novelty is simply kept alive by such perverted ideas as those of the Shavian philosophy. Much the same applies to the popular cinema performances which, being largely based on fake photographs, and the acts of a crowd of lesser actors behind the scenes, are largely of the formal type, though there is great scope for idealism even here.

In no field does there appear to be more need for the regenerative influence of idealism than in that of architecture. There is no style that can be distinguished as a result of modern thought, and all the work of to-day is a mere caricature of conceptions of the past, often incongruously intermixed, and of hybrid origin.

In Art there is also much that is formal. We still have the unsatisfying nature painter, painter of portraits, and still life. Paintings in the nude are characterised by their marked voluptuous tendency. There are not many who are not mere copyists. The old painters worked on a larger scale, whilst modern work is dwarfed by its puniness. But in painting, as in sculpture, there have been modern pioneers and idealists who have used their art on the right lines. Art truly is none other than the ideal, the natural is but the real or the apparent. Much might be said as to the effort of modern painters to achieve idealistic results. No one helped more than Ruskin in one field, the pre-Raphaelite school in another. Rossetti, Morris, Burne Jones, Leighton, Watts, saved Art from degenerating in the Victorian age. Whistler, Turner, and his school groped in the dark, but opened the way to a freer treatment on new lines. What will eventuate from the passing whims of the French school and post-impressionist work cannot be judged at present, but that the last is of the nature of the ideal cannot be said, unless a striving after creative art be of this character. Distortion of the natural is the antinome

of an improvement upon the apparent, a principle of all true art, and the basis of the ideal.

Whilst a marked tendency of the day is to produce in oils work that simulates water colours, and an appearance of a coloured reproduction of a painting, that is a striving after a conventional effect, which is the very antithesis of idealistic work, and compared with older schools far inferior in brushwork; a tendency equally marked to simulate the exquisite idealism of Turner by crude inaccuracies is equally fatalistic to true art and even clearness of intention. Total conception is antagonistic to obscurity of expression, though the clearness it demands does not necessitate laboured detail or adherence to convention and formal mode of expression.

Paradoxically true beauty, in the colour schemes of Leighton and the choice stained glass work of the 14th century, is obtained by a rigid adherence to formal outline and conventional form of drawing, so that the high art of the ideas carried out in arranging pure colour may be perfected. This need not be confused with the desire to produce a material effect by aid of the association of objects, or ideas, in a picture and labouring of expression in the pigments to attempt to fix the ideas in these themselves.

To sum up the results of this criticism, there is no cause for pessimism. If formalism hold much and many in its sway, there is in practically all departments of human activity an increasing desire to reach some higher goal. The influence of the numerous leisure pursuits of the individual at work or at play tends too to a striving for some Utopia. High ideals must be the aim of the individual, if he would be a servant and benefactor of his race or age. The nation's ideals, as a whole, prompted by its highest pilots, must be great, or the individuals will be small. Either the individual must improve his ideals, leave his formalism behind, or we must drop our pilots, and replace for the national supposed formalist policy one that is idealistic in theory, and in practice. Both these tendencies are, if slowly, at work. The formalism of the unfortunate must go, and it is equally certain that the idealism of the successful must go on, and succeed.

The End of the Quest

By Louis Golding

He could see the city in front of him, lifting innumerable censers to the dark gods of Industry. They were the chimneys, rising through strata of coloured air and bearing their smoky wreaths into the dusking heavens. All day he had been cycling down from the hills of the North with such superb ease, such freedom of young limbs, that his machine seemed to become part of him. There was no conscious effort in his pedalling. His control of the handlebar was as automatic as the seagull's turning of his wings. You might almost have thought him, if your mind had been turning upon legend, the counterpart to the Centaur of antique days.

Above the city, which already threw out her sinister arms to embrace him, first stretched a layer of smoky crimson, as if sacrifices here were smouldering. Then bronze and brass were piled on each other in molten bars, almost too bright to look upon, and over these, shimmering ineffably, a layer of emerald green, as if some company of Nereids had placed a length of the sea over the city to wash her free from her sins.

He laughed aloud. The city! His bitterest enemy, his dearest friend! The sheer ecstasy of his cycling had abated. Bump over the large stone setts went the tyres, bump! Yet you could hear the wheels purring like a contented cat, a slow, steady whine of confident delight. He rang his bell not so much for intimidation, but because the bell had attained a clear silvern note with the passing of time. It was an old, old bicycle. He had carefully scraped up all his coppers whilst he was still at school, and all the remnants from his meagre little wage as soon as he went into the mill; scraped them together for so long that a derelict bicycle at a scrap-iron merchant's, which the world would not even take the trouble to sneer at, fell at last into his hungry grasp. With an almost anguished care he took his purchase to pieces, re-cast or re-polished every item of its composition, oiled it, stroked it, caressed

it, made it utterly his own. It was his delight to twang his finger over the spokes, as if this wretched little machine (for, in the eye of the world, wretched it was indeed!) were some guitar he had lovingly raised from its case of velvet.

The city gathered round him. How soon would he be at home, he speculated? Could he manage it before the harsh demon of lighting-up time lifted its arresting finger? Oh, surely, if he did not lose himself in this net of factories and warehouses. The bicycle below him sang encouragingly, "All's well!" moaned the wheels, "All's well!"

He hardly knew the district. How soon would he strike the main road and the tramlines again? "Never mind," sang the bicycle. "All's well!" the pedals articulated smoothly. "Home soon, home soon!" clanged the bell.

Suddenly a collapse, a dropping from airy heights to harsh and stony earth, a swift wail of escaping air . . . a puncture! He swung dejectedly from his saddle. Oh, a beautiful situation! Flat, his back tyre, flat as the equator! What was there to do now? If he thought of mending his puncture at once . . . but there was something sinister in the blank eyes of the factories. He hated lingering here. It was desolate, frightening. Besides, that would land him on the wrong side of the fatal moment so beloved of the vigilant policeman. It was obvious. He must take it to the nearest cycle-shop. He would do without his dinner-hour to-morrow. He'd munch something on the top of the tram. He'd acquire, somehow, somewhere, the car fare out, and then cycle back again in time for work.

Forlornly the lad trudged on, his bicycle apologetically hiccoughing behind him. Nothing but impassive walls of factories! What ominous shadows they threw! He dived into a side street with a thumping heart. Nothing, only blunt slabs of wall. Now to the left, now to the right. What was that? Oh, only a public-house! Then at last, round the corner, he saw on the pavement a litter of spare wheels and old tyres. He hurried forward. "A puncture, eh? A'reet, lad. Tha' woan't wait? Coom to-morn, then. 'Twill be waitin' for thee. Good neet!"

His mood of ecstasy was now efficiently stifled. He

felt hurt. The thing shouldn't have let him down after cresting so magnificently such stony and difficult roads. It wouldn't have mattered half an hour ago. . . . Hullo, here was the main road! Yes, and this was the car for the city square. Run . . . a flying jump . . . got you!

Ah, well, to-morrow . . . !

Next noon, without pausing a single moment, he raced for the tramcar. The name of the district he was making for was quite unpleasantly clear in his mind. But it was only when the car plunged deep into the sooty bosom of the factory district that he realised with a sudden pang of alarm that he did not know where to dismount. Wasn't he going too far? With a blind fear he leaped from the footboard half-way between two stations. He darted down a street and down another.

Oh, God! Where had he left it? His lovely bicycle, his friend! He rushed about distraught from corner to corner. "Tha maun go steady!" he said, biting his lip, a large tear starting from each eye. "Twoan't run away, lad!" He tried a systematic plan. He took in a square of streets and explored each corner in it, then another square. . . . He'd be locked out. He must get back to work again. One last despairing search! . . . No use! . . . Leaden-footed he boarded his car.

The next day he returned. A week later you would have seen him again, broken-hearted, half a mile this side of his original descent, half a mile beyond. He returned each evening to the hopeless quest. Gone for ever the chance of escaping to green hills and clean waters! Oh, why, oh, why hadn't he stopped to see the name of the shop and the street? Tantalising dreams came to him of white cottages among the hills which he would see no more. Never would he plunge back into the city again like a swimmer into turbid waters.

Weeks and weeks later you would have seen him still. His search had become almost mechanical. He was hardly conscious of precisely what he had lost. He knew merely that he had lost everything that mattered. Only a bicycle, you are objecting? Then, forgive me, you do not and will not understand. It was his roadway into dreams, into a reality more amazing than dreams. And summer was passing away. The days were drawing in. The factories

seemed to become aware of his pale face and his haunted eyes. The windows would seem to leer at him, the heavy doors to scowl balefully.

Then came a certain evening. Oh joy, oh joy! Surely, surely! Wasn't this the same litter of spare wheels and old tyres? The same! And yet, mysteriously, terribly different! There was a darkness about the place, a red lamp within the doorway seemed to spill the shadow of blood.

He hardly dare enter. What? When his own bicycle, the thing he had made anew with so much loving care, might be awaiting him? He strode forward. The metal on his shoes made frightening echoes. As he came in, he saw the bent back of a man behind the counter.

"Say, mister!" he gasped. "My bike . . . I was coomin' this way. . . ."

The bent back slightly lifted itself. The face of an old man, inexpressibly evil, appeared. The nose and cheek were peaked, the eyes were livid. The hair lay in white, lank masses down the scraggy neck. Yet the whole face was transfigured with fear. Fear shrieked its frenzied syllable from every feature in that unholy face.

"Yes, I know! I know!" the man croaked. "Please, sir, come no nearer! You shall have it! I was expecting you!"

"But listen . . . !" the lad exclaimed.

"Not a word!" besought the man. He shuffled from behind the counter. A bicycle, immaculately new, was shining under the glare of the red lamp, an amazing, a supreme bicycle, a thing hardly to be conceived.

"Here it is! Go! Before they come. . . ."

Again the lad attempted to speak.

"Oh go, for God's sake! Will you have me killed?" The lad felt the skinny hands push him towards the machine. His flesh shrank from the touch. A torpor, a hypnotism, had fallen upon him. Hardly aware of what he was doing, he lifted the thing from its stand and stumbled over the doorway with it. The door shut swiftly behind him, wailing on its hinges.

With his eyes still full of trance, the boy cycled away, swiftly, more swiftly away, to where, at the end of long vistas of deathly walls, human lights gleamed.

The Inner Life of Pauper Asylums

By Dr. Montagu Lomax

THE ENGLISH REVIEW published in the summer of last year three articles from the pen of a lady signing herself "Oxonian," in which the writer described with much power and vividness the mental tortures she had undergone in a private asylum, in which, illegally as she maintained, she had been incarcerated, and from which she succeeded in escaping, or obtaining her discharge, some three months afterwards. Into the legality of the methods made use of in her incarceration I do not now inquire, as I understand the matter will shortly be brought before the Courts of Justice. But the question whether the treatment to which she was subjected, with the addition of actual physical cruelty, is possible in a public asylum, to which the financial motives for confining a patient do not apply, has probably been raised by many readers of this REVIEW, and this is the question which I now propose to deal with.

As most of my readers are aware, I lately published a book in which I gave my experiences of the asylum treatment of our pauper insane. This book was called *The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor*, and has been widely reviewed in the lay and medical Press. Readers of my book will recollect that in it I bring no charges of ill-treatment of patients, other than those for which the system itself was responsible, and which naturally grew out of it, and in particular that I bring no charges of cruelty against attendants or nurses. My reasons for not doing so were stated in my book. I reported nothing of which I was not myself a witness. I witnessed no cruelties, an Assistant Medical Officer never does, nor does the Medical Superintendent either. I may have suspected them—but my book was a record of facts, not of suspicions. It is only since I gave up my asylum work that I have realised how far short these suspicions were of the truth, though, possibly,

not in the case of the asylum to which my book referred. The evidence I have received since then has revealed the existence of an underworld of misery of which I was absolutely ignorant, and of which I suspect most medical officers are ignorant too. This evidence has reached me from ex-inmates of asylums, from ex-attendants and those still in asylum service; not, of course, from patients now actually confined in these institutions. The letters of such patients are always strictly censored. How much of this evidence is to be believed I have not yet had the means of confirming, but if even only a tenth part of it is true, the matter calls for an immediate Government inquiry. In two or three cases I have personally interviewed the writers and convinced myself not only of the accuracy of their statements, but of their own complete sanity and *bona fides. The fact is that no one knows what goes on behind the scenes of an asylum but the patients and attendants.* Attendants seldom tell upon each other, and patients realise all too soon that if they attempt to tell they will never be believed; their evidence is always "tainted," the word "delusion" is enough to stifle it altogether. It is the impossibility of getting his statement believed that is the main tragedy of the pauper lunatic's existence, and makes him sooner or later give up all hope of redress and resign himself to his fate.

So that when I read in the public Press of the virtuous indignation which my book has aroused among the Medical Superintendents and Chairmen of Committees of certain asylums; when I read letters from asylum Chaplains and other interested officials, even those of Inspectors and mental specialists, that the asylums with which they are connected are run upon very different lines than those depicted in my book; when I hear of luxuriously appointed buildings (though I have never seen them), of happy and contented lunatics (though I have never met them), of games, and dances and concerts, and cheerful occupations and surroundings, these statements in reality leave me quite cold. They may all be true, I hope they are; but they reveal nothing of what goes on behind the scenes of these admirably appointed institutions. *Only the patients and attendants know that;* not the Medical Superintendent or the Assistant Medical Officers, not the Matron or the

Chaplain, or the Chairman of Committee, or the Board of Control. And until the public get to know what goes on behind the scenes of asylums, and for which the system is responsible and so closely shrouds, they will never know the truth about the treatment of the pauper lunatic.

The difficulty is how to make this knowledge accessible. Facts occasionally leak out into the public Press, as has happened lately. A patient is maltreated by an attendant; his finger and two ribs are broken, and the sympathetic magistrate, taking into consideration the offender's length of service, fines him £2! Or a patient is, by the nurse's order, washed by another patient in a backyard, boiling water is thrown over him, and he dies. But facts much worse than these, if the evidence now supplied to me is true, happen year in and year out in our public asylums, and in the mental wards of our workhouse infirmaries, facts of which the public never hear, facts which have only lately come within the cognisance of the present writer, and which he is prepared to bring forward at the proper time and place, but which are obviously unsuited to the pages of a popular review. Such statements are of a very grave nature, and need to be supported by witnesses upon oath and subject to strict cross-examination, and are certainly not to be used to harrow the feelings of readers of a review. One such case has recently been brought to the notice of the Board of Control. It is well known to many people, the editor of *Truth* among others; it has been known to the Board of Control for years, and on one occasion at least they have investigated it. But nothing came of it then, just as nothing has come of it now. They have again declined to take action. Their reason is the old familiar, oft-repeated parrot-cry of "delusions."

This excuse for not taking the word of a lunatic or ex-lunatic is so well known and so frequently reiterated, and has so much apparent weight with an ignorant public, that it is as well to examine it more closely. For if valid, it is difficult to see how any malpractices, however gross, could ever be brought to light. I may observe in passing that this excuse, even were it well founded, does not apply to the case just cited and others I am prepared to cite. The authors of these statements, the victims of these cruelties, are not now lunatics, though they may have been

so, but have been " discharged recovered " and so are now presumably sane. Yet they retain these " delusions " of ill-treatment as doggedly as ever, and these delusions are in every case the same. But let us suppose we are now dealing with a confessed lunatic, and he brings a charge of maltreatment against an attendant. Is his word never to be believed, will the mere whisper of " delusion " suffice to damn it irrevocably as falsehood? Certainly not. Even in the case alluded to a little while back, where an attendant broke a patient's ribs, the victim was certified by the Medical Officer as " capable of giving evidence," and his evidence was acted on by the magistrate, however inadequately. It was not the lunatic's " tainted evidence," but the attendant's length of service that got the latter off lightly.* Similar cases of the admissibility of a lunatic's evidence have occurred in the Higher Courts. In reality, most lunatics, not hopelessly demented, are quite capable of giving reliable evidence upon matters of fact, even though they are the victims of " delusions," provided these facts do not trench upon their particular obsession. For the delusions of a lunatic are of a quite special and stereotyped kind, as stereotyped as are the movements of what is called " catatonic paranoia," of which, indeed, they are the mental analogues. Both are due to subconscious automatisms. A patient with what is called " catatonic paranoia " will go through a series of these stereotyped movements without a change every day for years. The same applies to the " fixed ideas " of the delusional paranoiac. Thus " delusions of persecution " are common, but they are always of this specialised, stereotyped character. Either the victim's food is poisoned, or the police are conspiring against him, or he is " electrified by wireless," or he is the subject of some occult " influence," or his relatives have robbed him of all he (mythically) possesses. These delusions may vary, but they are always of the same senseless irrational type, totally incapable of proof or disproof, and impervious to all argument. They are as far as possible removed from such consistent, interdependent, itemised statements as would be involved in bringing definite charges of maltreatment against a particular attendant. Such statements are capable of proof

* Regina *v.* Hill, C.C.C. 1851.

or disproof, and the man, even though a lunatic, knows it, and knows, too, how impossible, as I have said, it is for him as a rule to sustain it. These and many similar characteristics distinguish an insane " delusion " from particular charges, which may, of course, be either true or false, brought against an attendant. But so far from such charges, when brought by a lunatic, being necessarily false, I would go further and say that they are, for the reason given above, much more likely to be true than false, and are at all events worthy of the most careful and impartial scrutiny, for the lunatic knows only too well how remorselessly they will recoil upon his head should they be disproved, and this makes the presumption of their truth all the greater. I do not say that such charges, if brought to the notice of the medical officers or Superintendent of an asylum, are not at once inquired into and, if proved, severely punished.* This no doubt is the case in matters of gravity. But I have no hesitation in saying that charges of this nature are seldom brought, and that harsh and cruel treatment may go on behind the scenes which the medical officers never hear of, for the same reason in either case, that the patient knows his word will seldom be taken against an attendant's. So much for the value of a lunatic's evidence and the credence that can be placed upon it.

This, then, is one of the chief charges which I bring against our present system of asylum administration, a matter which, for reasons which are now obvious and were partly due to my own ignorance, I did not lay stress on in my book, viz., that almost unlimited power is placed in the hands of the attendants, many of whom, though by no means all, are ignorant, uneducated, untrained, and sometimes brutal. I am particularly anxious not to create a false and unjust impression. I believe that the majority of attendants of either sex are humane and conscientious, and do their best for those under their charge in the very difficult and thankless duties they have undertaken. But I have no doubt that a considerable number are neither humane nor conscientious, and even if only half a dozen

* Five such cases are recorded in the last Report of the Board of Control. But it would be the greatest mistake to conclude that these five cases represent the sum total of asylum ill-treatment for the year 1920. For one such case reported there are probably hundreds that are undetected.

in an asylum are such, they can make the life of the pauper lunatic a perfect hell. They may not even be inhumane and callous to start with, but the system, with its harshness, rigidity, and callousness, of itself tends to breed these qualities, as a deserted garden breeds weeds without the necessity of planting them. But the point I am now making is that inhumanity on the part of attendants may exist, but may never be detected even by the medical officers or the Superintendent. It may exist, and undoubtedly does exist, without ever coming to the ears of the Board of Control. As I have said elsewhere, apart from the attendants, those closest to the patients are the medical officers; next to them comes the Superintendent; farther off is the Visiting Committee, and farthest off of all is the Board of Control, which issues the Reports and upon which the public depends for its information. Is it likely that ill-treatment undetected by the medical officers will be detected by any of the intervening agencies, let alone by the Board of Control? Detection, of course, when it occurs, leads to a severe reprimand and usually instant dismissal, with a subsequent appearance of the offender before the magistrates. But detection is not easy; it is, indeed, extraordinarily difficult. It is so easy to account to the medical officers for bruises and even worse injuries, by saying that the patient has been fighting or has wilfully injured himself. Even if the patient is unwise enough to report the matter, no one has seen the occurrence; it is only the patient's word against the attendant's, and, as I say above, which is the more likely to be believed?

There are many facts which conduce to the difficulty of detection in these cases. I will mention only three:

1. The veil of secrecy which shrouds all doings in the asylum from the outer world.

2. The almost unlimited power of the attendants and nurses.

3. The existence of "single rooms" or solitary confinement.

1. An almost impenetrable veil of secrecy hides the inner life of asylums from the public gaze, and even from the knowledge of Medical Superintendents, Assistant Medical Officers, Matrons, and head attendants. Casual visitors to asylums, and relatives of patients, may hear of cruelties from the victims of such, but most of these are,

as we have seen, put down to "delusions," are generally accepted as such, and are, of course, so described by the attendants. An insane person is popularly supposed to be incapable of speaking the truth. As a rule, he is too wise in such a case to try. Further, few visitors are allowed to see a patient in solitary confinement. He is supposed to be dangerous at those times, or it is against the doctor's orders. If he is allowed to be visited he is generally got up for the occasion, and after the visit is over is put back into his "cell." This rule does not apply to patients who are really ill and in hospital. Then every care is taken to inform the relatives, and special visits are allowed and arranged for. But no "refractory" patient is as a rule allowed to be seen by his friends, or only in the presence of an attendant. And it is so easy to say that a patient is "refractory" and to account in this way for any evidences of punitive restriction he may exhibit. Even if the patient *is* "refractory," has the reader ever paused to consider how much this refractoriness may be due to maltreatment and callous and stupid mismanagement? It is astonishing how "refractory" patients are with some attendants, and how quiet and amenable they are with others. My experience is that ill-tempered attendants make ill-tempered patients, just as "refractory wards" make refractory patients, and that no treatment is so liable to make a patient refractory as solitary confinement. But of this anon.

Another cause for the secrecy that exists in asylums is the rigid censorship of patients' letters. All outgoing letters must not only be passed through the hands of the medical officers, they must in most cases pass through the hands of the attendants. I have mentioned in my book the absence of locked letter-boxes in the wards of asylums. The result is that most patients' letters are handed to the doctors by the attendants, who read any that they suspect of containing matter incriminating themselves, and which, of course, they suppress. I was struck with the eagerness with which patients often tried to hand me personally their own letters. Not that the letters often contained charges against attendants. The reverse was the case, for patients, as I have shown above, are generally far too wise to make them. Still the fact is worth noting, for it is very significant. But not only can the attendants suppress patients'

letters—they can prevent their writing them. Postage stamps and paper can always be withheld if the attendants think fit, or if they suspect patients of any likelihood of bringing charges against them. This indeed is one of the bitterest grievances from which pauper patients suffer. It is, of course, possible for patients to communicate in sealed envelopes with the Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and certain highly-placed Government officials, and such letters must by law be sent unopened in every case. But not one pauper lunatic in a hundred knows of such a privilege. The notice informing him of the fact is only posted up in wards containing private or paying patients, and then only at the discretion of the Lunacy Commissioners. And when such letters are sent it is doubtful if they are read by those to whom they are addressed. One Home Secretary (the late Mr. Matthews) stated in the House of Commons that he always handed such letters unread to the Lunacy Commissioners, whence probably they found their way to the waste-paper basket, which is all, no doubt, that many of them deserved. That, however, is not the point. "The point is" (to quote from an article recently contributed by me to the *Medical Press*, August 17) "that the patients' apparent power of appeal to an independent and impartial tribunal turns out to be moonshine. For all its show of justice and generosity, the practical effect of the Lunacy Laws is to leave the pauper lunatic almost entirely at the mercy of the asylum authorities, which, in nine cases out of ten, means the attendants."

2. The second reason for the difficulty of detecting asylum ill-treatment lies in the almost unlimited power placed in the hands of the attendants and nurses. This I have already alluded to in various places in this article, but it needs emphasising. I do not know whether my readers realise that for 20 out of the 24 hours the asylum is practically given over to the charge of the attendants. Such, however, is the fact. The medical officers, of course, have access to the wards at all times, and the Superintendent may, and no doubt often does, make surprise visits. But as every patient and every attendant in an asylum knows, detection of ill-treatment by such means can easily be provided against. The very noise of opening the numerous doors with a jingling bunch of keys provides sufficient warning of the doctor's approach. Numerous

letters in my possession from ex-inmates of asylums sufficiently confirm this fact, if confirmation were needed. Besides, I have been a medical officer myself and I know.

How to avoid the possibility of ill-treatment is a different and very difficult matter. Probably this possibility will, in the nature of things, always exist. The best means, to my mind, of providing against it is to raise the whole status of asylum attendants, and, by offering them better pay and better terms of service, to attract to this work a higher and better educated class of men and women. The employment of more women nurses in male wards, and the appointment, as recently advocated,* of "sister-tutors" in female wards, and similar officials in male wards, might help to meet the difficulty. If to this were added a monthly Inquiry Board held by the Visiting Committee, made compulsory by law and containing an independent barrister appointed by the local authority, at which all complaints made by patients could be impartially sifted, much good might result.

3. The third reason why it is so difficult to detect cases of maltreatment by attendants is the system of confinement in "single rooms" that exists in all, or nearly all, public asylums, and which is technically called "seclusion." It stands to reason that no attendant would maltreat a patient in the open ward, though injustice, petty tyranny, and unkindness are quite possible even there. But the "single room," the locked cell, lends itself to any amount of hidden misery. Most, but by no means all, of the cases of cruelty reported to me have taken place in single rooms. I could give many instances, but, as I have stated, the pages of this REVIEW are not the place for them. Some cases even are unreportable in public print. But the system of having these single rooms attached to the open wards is one that should be unhesitatingly condemned. Single rooms for violent cases, even padded rooms, there must be in all asylums, for some cases of violent and acute mania cannot be otherwise treated; but all such rooms should be congregated in special wards under the charge of special attendants, and preferably in the hospital block. To have them attached to the general wards, to which the ordinary attendants have access, is simply to invite to acts of cruelty. Not only are these rooms capable of such abuse, but they

* In *The Nursing Mirror and Midwives Journal*, September 3.

are objectionable in other ways. They can be used as a form of punishment, and punishment of the helpless insane by solitary confinement is utterly indefensible. In fact, physical punishment for mental disease should in all its forms be ruled out of asylum treatment altogether. Lunatics are not criminals, they are mentally sick people, and though they are often troublesome enough, like other sick people, they should not be punished for it. What should we think if a hospital patient was punished for delirious ravings, for talking and groaning, or because his temperature went up? Yet it is just as reasonable to punish a lunatic for refractory and troublesome behaviour. In nine cases out of ten such refractoriness is due to his mental disorder, not to bad temper or perversity of will. And for his mental disorder the lunatic is no more responsible than a typhoid fever case is for his fever. In fact, for most cases of refractoriness the lunatic is so far from being responsible that he is the victim of it rather than the cause. The cause lies more truly in our rigid and irrational asylum treatment, in the callousness of the system, and in the opportunities it provides for ill-treatment by attendants, as well as in the close contact with others made savage and quarrelsome by the same treatment. Many, in fact most, of the so-called " refractory " patients are young or middle-aged patients of both sexes in the prime of life and strength, with distraught minds and strong and misgoverned animal passions. We take away their liberty, we herd them in huge asylum-prisons, we deny them healthy work and recreation, we drug them mercilessly, we place them under the charge of attendants who are often ignorant and uneducated, themselves often overworked and underpaid, and with many grievances of their own. Is it any wonder that such patients become refractory, and is it their fault if they do? And when such takes place we punish them by " seclusion," we hand them over to the tender mercies of those whose one idea of treating such cases is to " tame " (euphemistic word) the refractoriness out of them. And we wonder that our treatment is not more successful and that the refractory lunatic becomes worse instead of better. If any treatment is better designed to turn the intermittently insane patient into a hopeless lunatic, and to make the lunatic insaner still, I have yet to hear of it.

THEATRE-CRAFT

Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

New Lamps for Old in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

APART from problems of art and all questions of dramatic motive, the history of the theatre has been a record of the gradual overcoming of the scientific difficulties of stage-craft. The pre-Renaissance Theatre solved many of these problems of conveying place and other facts to the audience by dependence upon conventional and non-realistic staging which would not interfere with the assertions of fact made in the spoken words of the drama. With the coming of the desire for illusion in the theatre, however, this limitless world of the conventions, wherein "nothing is but thinking makes it so," tended to dwindle; the dramatist had perforce to take cognisance of the task he was setting his scene-designer and those responsible for creating the illusion of his facts upon the stage. Of the growth of that art of stage realism up to the famous real rabbits of Tree's production it is not my purpose to write. Attainment in art as in life evokes reaction. Realism, at last recognised as defeating its own end and flowing contrary to the whole art tendencies of our time, began to wane in the theatre, and producers turned to the search for significant essentials to convey idea and mood.

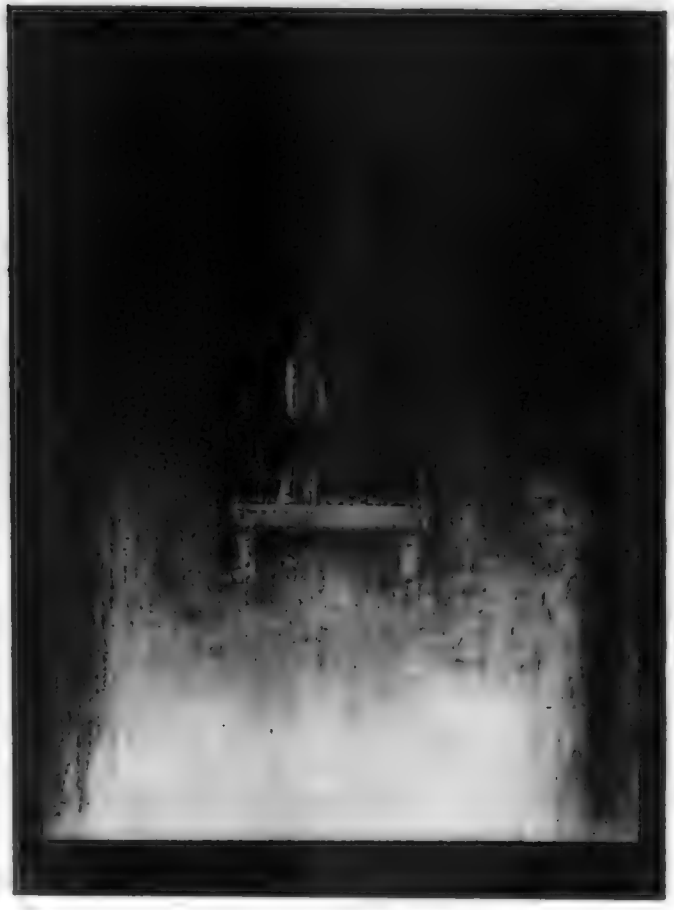
The part which lighting has played in this evolution has been one of increasing importance. The spluttering candles which first met the merest exigencies of the case; the lamps succeeding these, still often placed for no more æsthetic reason than the need of illumination; the grease-

pots which report asserts still serve as footlights in remote places; the hiding of the source of light; the coming of gas with its increased facilities for the regulation of the strength of the light; the even greater control when electricity superseded gas—this sequence of growing power has continually reacted upon the art of the stage. It cannot be said that greater power has produced greater results. In the theatre, as elsewhere in affairs, faithfulness over one city is the true precursor of the ruling of ten; and the producer who has failed artistically to govern the gas battens of the provinces or the storm lanterns of a country barn will meet disaster with Fortuny lighting and ruin with a dimmer.

There was, and alas is, for example, that belief in mere quantity of light which, lurking in every recess of the proscenium, floods the stage with illumination from every angle. Its theoretical advantages were: first, that it produced that feeling of elation which audiences are currently supposed to demand in the theatre; and, second, that it permitted of unity of the shadows by the simple expedient of painting them upon the scenery. It would be equally valid to say that its disadvantages were also these, so little were the psychological possibilities of the former and the design possibilities of the latter understood. Added to these was the practical fact that shadows disappeared from the actors and the movable properties. Little or no attempt was made to overcome these difficulties; the properties fulfilled their stage functions unaccompanied by any hint of solidity, the actors regained some of their lost modelling by a lavish use of grease paint and eyebrow pencil, until the dual result was true neither to nature nor to art, and was in the worst sense of the term theatrical.

That these results might have been avoided is amply proved when we see the use of lighting made by such men as Appia on the German stage, or the really æsthetic manipulation of the light and the painted shadows in certain of the Russian Ballets. Appia's contribution to the art of the theatre was his understanding of the psychological reaction of light on the mind of his audiences, and his power of interpreting a play by his lighting. He used light as a musician uses the notes of his instrument. In hands other than those of an artist of this magnitude the control of light

Stage setting by Robert Atkins for
Much Ado About Nothing.
(Old Vic., London.)



Sketch of scene from Walter Hasenclever's
Jenseits. Designed by Adolf Linnebach.
(State Theatre, Dresden.)

Stage setting for Lilla Veneda, Act I.
(Jul. Stowacki.)

Stage setting for Lilla Veneda, Act II.
(Jul. Stowacki.)

which modern mechanism gives is responsible for strange happenings. Many of us remember Greek tragedies in strata of pink and violet, and Shavian comedies where the production was accompanied by post-impressionist iridescence; we have memories, too, of realistic plays produced in such gloom that the action was practically invisible.

The inherent difficulties of stage lighting have to some extent been overcome by the use of such systems of indirect lighting as the Fortuny, and also by the arrangement of the source of the rays at some distance from the stage. The result in both instances is a softening and naturalising of the light: it enables many beams to be synthesised into one light so that there is an effect nearer to sunlight in quality, and it replaces hard and confusing shadows by the softer outlines of consistent shadows. The artist of the theatre will harness both of these advances to his æsthetic purpose and to the interpretation of the play, but how little the opportunity has yet been grasped will be evidenced by almost any revue on the London or Parisian stage.

Out of these possibilities placed at the disposal of the theatre artist have grown two theories of the use of light which find their parallel in another field of art in the works respectively of the Post-Impressionists and the disciples of Cezanne on to Cubism. The one school working in a medium of coloured light build their scenery in neutral colours, and by flooding it with light strive to give their backgrounds a significance in the play motive. The others use their light against built-up scenery rather for the creation of cubic mass, making the heavy shadows part of their design, and as design expressive again of the play motive. The importance of both these methods to my mind is that they give the scene designer control of the scene *during* the progress of the play, and thus have the latent possibility of that *décor vivant* towards which the art of the theatre is working. Both methods are as yet in their infancy. There is no reason why a theatre artist consecrating his intelligence to devising perfect lighting should not unite the two and produce a set owing both form and colour to the use of light, and being capable of continually evolving expression of the drama in hand.

One further door is opening in theatre lighting. With the appearance on the stage of the Hippodrome of M. Samoiloff's lighting based upon an analysis of the spectrum comes the promise of almost infinite possibilities. Perhaps it is a pity that this young Russian has lacked the patience which makes for greatness in invention: based upon the application of the scientific fact of optics which underlies the interaction of red and green, the invention in its present crude state is fit only for the " stunting " of the music-hall stage. Its use of biting greens and screaming reds puts us into a nightmare world of startling metamorphoses devoid of beauty or mystery. Even so its importance in the development of stage-craft cannot be over-estimated. Almost simultaneously one hears of the work in Paris of a lady experimentist on like lines; whilst here in England George Sheringham and Major Adrian Klein are projecting their already successful investigations in light and colour into stage work. Basically the dual principles govern all these experiments—the principle that the colour values in light can be exactly governed by the surfaces with which it comes into contact; and the further one that light of certain colour constituency thrown upon surfaces of certain other colours will so affect them as to constitute virtually a difference to the forms rendered visible and their colour appearances. This as a colour phenomenon has long been accepted. Its working out to a point where it is of practical utility and æsthetic value is but now commencing.

But the truth about lighting persists through all advances and all experiments. It is not the lamp but the manipulation of it which matters. Craig or Appia or Edmund Jones would do wonders with candles, whilst the average producer would achieve vulgarity with perfect equipment. What we need in the theatre is artists with a mechanism to their hand which will enable them to have full expression for their genius. We could get along with the artists without the mechanism; we are threatened with the mechanism without the artists.

The Nature of Tragedy

By Walter Hasenclever

THERE is a passage in Dostojevsky's novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, where the vivid continuity of the action is broken for a while. In the midst of a transport of passionate ecstasy, kneeling by the side of his beloved, his arms around her, Dmitri Fyodorovitch has been arrested on a charge of parricide. The magic cloak of intoxication vanishes, and the driving snow of despair beats in upon him. He is dragged away, bound, and scourged through the hell of the "preliminary investigation." Men turn into beasts, friends into deathly spectres; one only goes out and weeps. Up to this point the narrative flows like a torrent, clear in its structure, a living mental picture. The judges leave the room; Karamazov, overcome by a strange weakness, sinks down in the corner and falls asleep.

He dreams that he is driving through the steppes; it is November; a snowstorm is raging; he drives through burnt-down villages—a desolation. A pale, thin form appears, in her arms a child crying. "That's the babe," says the peasant who is driving him; "the babe is weeping." He is struck by the peasant's saying "babe" instead of "baby"; there seems more pity in the word. "But why is it weeping?" he asks. "Why is it cold? Why don't they feed the babe?" And he feels how stupid his questions are, how unreasonable in face of such suffering, and how the logic of his train of thought fades before the realisation of the impotence of mere thinking. In his dream he traverses his destiny, realises the senselessness of this life, divines a new life, wants to do something to help, to redeem mankind, that no child shall weep any more. "Whither?" he cries, and wakes. He notices that there is now a pillow on the chest where he has been sleeping, which was not there before. He goes up to the table where the judges are sitting. His troubled soul at length finds relief; he is deeply stirred; he weeps. "I've had a beautiful dream, gentlemen," he whispers.

There are many passages in both earlier and later writers in which clear rays of illumination pierce through

the thicket of humdrum Everyday. The great revealing moments in Shakespeare's dramas are in the incoherent scenes where a Fool, a Nobody, a Clown, evokes the atmosphere of true tragedy by some little trivial word. In the duel between husband and lover which rages in Shaw's *Candida*, the wife's concern for the work of the kitchen is like a cry from the underworld: "Petroleum!" With this word the pathos is shattered, the wildest passion becomes a joke, no continuation is possible; it is the word of tragedy, simply. For tragedy is inadequacy. Those things which touch life most deeply find their adequate expression only in incoherence. The intellect is overtaken at the very boundary of reason: everything still seems real—and suddenly nothing is real. The world begins to dissolve; it is the twilight of knowledge.

The conflict which is tragedy arises so soon as the world, which is the raw material of art, and the men and women who are to live in that world, are placed in some mutual relation. Since the thinking mind cannot be outside the subject of its thought, the connection between the two is only conceivable within the limits of the connected. Hence all cognition partakes of the nature of tragedy; it is the perception of human activity up to the border-line of the Possible. Cross this line, and thought is outstripped, cause and effect are confounded, the rules of logic are meaningless. Pure contemplation of life stands aloof from all attempts at mere reproduction, since it bears no direct relation to life; its spiritual laws are different; reproduction becomes a symbol only.

In all ages great poets have fashioned such symbols. When Hamlet and Laertes climb down into Ophelia's grave and draw their daggers; when Orpheus and Eurydice in Kokoschka's play, overcome by the emotion of the hour of separation, turn pale, while the serpent rears its head between them—passages such as these deal with events for which reality has no counterpart. Real suffering admits no comparison; it finds expression in terms which reach out beyond this universe. When there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, it is because suffering has become so sublime that it is almost ridiculous.

(*Translated by Norman Thomas.*)

The Contemporary Theatre

By Hermon Ould

THE Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, announces an international season under the patronage of the League of Nations Union. Plays by Ibsen, Hauptmann, Georges Courteline, and Emile Mazaud are to be given, and the two plays which fill the bill as I write are by American authors. British authors are apparently excluded from the scheme. The two American plays are *Diff'rent*, by Eugene O'Neill, an author who has gained an almost world-wide reputation, and *Suppressed Desires*, by Geo. Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell. The second of these plays is a comedy which ridicules the claims of psycho-analysis; the former is a play which demonstrates them. *Suppressed Desires* is neatly written and almost consistently amusing, but one felt that the theme hardly warranted the framework of two scenes for its fairly obvious development. Mr. Norman Macdermott's setting provided the slightly precious atmosphere which the play demanded, and the acting was good.

I hope *Diff'rent* is not an example of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's best work, for it is a half-baked production, formless and unconvincing. This is the theme. Emma Crosby is engaged to be married to Caleb Williams, whom she dearly loves. He is a seafaring man and has led a life of almost unsullied purity. Emma, learning that he was guilty in exceptional circumstances of an affair with a black woman, jilts him. She had thought he was " diff'rent " and cannot bear the thought of living with a man who is not utterly pure. Caleb goes away, but declares that he will wait for her, if it means waiting thirty years. So far so good. The theme is a little strained, but not incredible.

The second act opens thirty years later, and we behold Emma orphaned and living alone; the humble home of her parents has been decked with cheap and tawdry gewgaws; she has taken to painting and powdering her face, dressing like a girl and hennaing her hair. The worthless son of an old friend, one Benny Rogers, has discovered that by flattery he can wring money from her, and she,

three times his age, bedizened like an amateur prostitute, makes love to him. I do not say that this unpleasant spectacle is an impossible outcome of the "suppressed desires" of her thirty years' virginity; another American author has said that "there is no odour so bad as that arising from goodness tainted," and I believe him. But the play is unconvincing because the workings of the thirty previous years are in no way revealed. There is nothing to show why Emma's desire to marry (diverted only by the one peccadillo of her sweetheart) should have remained slumbering for thirty years while her lover—unmarried and waiting—was still in the neighbourhood, only to awaken at the touch of this unwholesome youth, whose dirty life is revealed in every word which his gum-chewing mouth throws out.

The upshot of the play is even less convincing. Caleb hangs himself in his barn, and Emma, hearing of this, and having been disillusioned about Benny, declares her intention of hanging herself in *her* barn. The excellent acting of the principal parts emphasised the inadequacy of the writing. Emma's disillusionment was shown with a fine sense of tragedy by Miss Jean Cadell; but as Mr. Leslie J. Banks' no less excellent acting of the part of Benny Rogers was calculated to arouse the mirth of the audience, is it surprising that a receptive intelligence was stung to irritation by the two incompatible demands? Mr. Milton Rosmer, as Caleb, acted with power and delicacy.

The season at the Old Vic. has begun well with productions, under Mr. Robert Atkins' direction, of *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Richard II*. Considering the difficulties under which he groans (and they are many), Mr. Atkins achieves results that inspire wonder in the breast of one who has seen the works and marvelled at their inadequacy. It is something to achieve a setting for the plays of Shakespeare which does not offend; Mr. Atkins, by the simplest of means, frequently accomplishes more than adequacy—the church scene in *Much Ado*, for instance. The acting is less satisfactory. A pernicious reverence for Shakespeare has led to the mouthing of his words in an awe-stricken manner more appropriate to Holy Writ than to the most human of the Elizabethans. Mr. Ernest Milton is the worst offender, and this is the

more annoying because if he were always equal to his best (as in the abdication scene of *Richard II*) he would be a very fine actor. Miss Florence Buckton (the Beatrice of *Much Ado* and the Duchess of York of *Richard II*) must be excluded from this general criticism. To her words exist primarily for their meaning and not for their sound. And this is as it should be. Shakespeare can be trusted to take care of the sounds. Mr. Rupert Harvey made an excellent Benedick, but his Bolingbroke would have been better if he had been less conscious of the gallery in such speeches as " Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman."

Mr. Hermann Rosse, two of whose stage designs we reproduced in the last number of THEATRE-CRAFT, will have a number of his works on show at Millais House, Kensington, shortly after this number appears. His work is essentially decorative and is apparently uninfluenced by the " Expressionist " tendencies to which I referred last month. Nor does he in any way resemble the rigid symmetrists who came to birth in this country (I believe) with the production of *The Dynasts* at the Kingsway Theatre and have not deserted us since. A wild luxuriance of fancy, in colour and design, mark the pictures exhibited; very attractive pictures, not unlike those of our George Sheringham. I am not quite persuaded of their practicability. Each design seems to be too complete in itself to be satisfactory as one of the many component parts which go to the making of a theatrical performance.

Mr. Walter Hasenclever, whose note on the Nature of Tragedy we publish, is one of the handful of young German dramatists who are breaking away from traditional forms and inventing forms of their own. His play, *Die Menschen*, written in a style which roughly corresponds to Imagism in poetry, caused some sensation when produced in Prague, and his latest drama, *Jenseits*, a tragedy in five acts for two characters, has been performed in many of the German State and Municipal theatres. The illustration on page 398 is a drawing of an episode in the third act of *Jenseits*. It is impossible to take photographs of these expressionist scenes, as nearly all the effects are obtained by the subtle use of light, artist and electrician working in the closest collaboration.

In Poland and Soviet Russia

By Huntly Carter

THE Theatre in Poland and Russia has been completely changed. Before the war it was fairly international and inhuman in some respects. The effect of the war and want has been to make it intensely nationalistic and human. Important theatrical reforms that were coming to us in 1913 from the Moscow Art Theatre and the Theatre of Wyspianski in Poland, as fully explained in my volume on the *New Spirit in Drama and Art*, were left to develop or die, or to be raised to first-class practical value by the Theatre being entrusted to the control of humanity, who were able to apply them without interference or restraint. These particular survival reforms possessed human and eternal characteristics which fitted them for practice as soon as the players were in a position to disport themselves humanly as in ancient times, and as in Soviet Russia to-day.

The Polish Theatre has been changed principally by two sets of events; liberation from Russian and Austrian rule, and the Bolshevik invasion. It was hardly a year ago that the invaders were hammering at the gates of Warsaw, scarcely a twelvemonth since the Bolsheviks took the high road that runs canal-like from the old city, and were cut off and routed after three days' fierce struggle at a little outlying village. There is no denying the fierceness or nearness of the struggle. When I saw the place it smelt charred as though still smouldering. Rooms pitted with bullet marks and splashed with crimson as though dipped in blood looked pretty much the same as when the fierce fighting ceased. In the intervening space between the village and Warsaw raw trenches plodded sinuously through field and wood. We must bear in mind the facts of the liberation and invasion in order fully to appreciate the form of the Polish Theatre to-day.

I went to the Polish Theatre, as to the Theatre in other countries, with three questions:—What was the work of this Theatre during the critical periods of the war? What change had the war effected in the Theatre? What effect

had the war had upon reform movements: which had died, which survived, which were new? I received a full reply to all three questions from the director of the Opera House at Warsaw, the director of the beautiful Polski Theatre, Warsaw, and the director of the Teatr Miejski, the State Theatre at Cracow. In this reply I found the story of the changing moods of the Polish people and how they were reflected by the Theatre. Extracts from a long analysis of the wartime work of the State Theatre, Cracow, will suffice to exhibit the main points of this story. As this analysis shows, the work of the Theatre falls into definite periods—the wartime period during the Austrian occupation, the period when the Austrians left, when Poland was restored, at the end of the war with the Allies, during the war with the Bolsheviks, and since the signing of peace with Russia a few months ago.

Anyone who has a gift for relating the moods of a nation to its theatrical exhibitions may, if he likes, spend a busy time by obtaining a full list of the productions at Cracow from 1914 to 1921 (September), and explaining how they express the agony, fear, hopes, and aspirations of a people passing through indescribable experiences. Here is a clue to the kind of thing I mean. At the beginning of the war (1914-15) Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, *Pygmalion*, *Great Catherine*, and *Blanco Posnet* were produced. What particular attraction did these satires offer to a people suddenly plunged into the horrors of a world-war and with Russia preparing to advance rapidly from Warsaw? The answer is that Cracow was still in Austrian occupation. The Theatre was largely controlled by Austria, and as Austria was at war with England and Russia, it chose to exhibit plays that denounced the Russian and English system of life and government as ridiculous and discreditable. Here is another clue. During the season of 1917-18 the first play produced after the Austrians left Cracow was Wyspianski's *Return of Odysseus*. This was followed by Rittner's *Summer*. Students of national psychology will not have much difficulty in recognising a gesture of immense relief in these and similar productions. Again, later in 1918 Poland was restored. With the declaration of independence came the production of Wyspianski's *Wedding* and *Liberation*.

There is no need to tell the meaning of this to those who know that Wyspianski is the great Polish artist-patriot who has been raised by intense popularity to god-like rank. With national liberation came a renewed sense of play and, as a consequence, productions began to symbolise the play spirit, or, let me say, a lighter fare became the fashion. Oscar Wilde, Krasinski, Molière, Benavente became the refreshment contractors, so to speak. Then came the Bolshevik menace in 1919 and a return of the old paralysing fear. The Polish people regarded with horror the new unbelievers, who denounced everybody who was not of their particular way of thinking, not strict upholders of the Marxian faith. As a result, anti-Bolshevik plays and plays strongly criticising Bolshevism made their appearance. They contained a deep religious and mystical element, which no doubt strongly appealed to a religious people in whom faith is very strongly rooted. *Charity*, a mystery in three acts by Charles Hubert Rostworowski, is an excellent example of this species of play. If our excellent Everyman Theatre is going to fulfil its promise of becoming a sort of gallery of international masterpieces and curiosities of national psychology produced during and provoked by the war, it should certainly secure this piece. It shows what an extraordinary effect the Bolshevik invasion had in stirring up the highly sensitive and emotional Polish people and bringing out their religious faith. Act I reveals mankind breaking all bonds under the impulse of Communism. Charity is suppressed and becomes odious under the changed state of things. Act II brings us to the execution of Charity. It is executed between Wealth and False Religion after the manner of Christ and the two thieves. In Act III we witness the resurrection of Charity in response to a sincere cry of remorse. A new world blossoms on the ruins of the old. The moral seems to be that present-day revolution lacks charity. Without Charity there can be no new world.

In *Charity* and its group of plays, including *Whiter than Snow*, *Lilla Veneda*, and *Expiation*, decoration crops up. I did not see this piece played, but I saw the decorator's colour designs. From these I gathered that his aim was to produce the effect of a series of syntheses or unifying symbols to which certain pre-war experiments in

England have accustomed us. Colour was given an intense emotional and motional value, while colour and line combined to obtain and continue the movement described by the action. Though there was nothing new in this work, it was exceedingly effective. Moreover, it bore the impress of the Polish hand in the employment of bold masses of colour. Perhaps someone might describe the settings as expressionism. Certainly there is more than a suspicion of this in the treatment of the scenes for *Lilla Veneda*, another powerful emotional revolutionary play. While the screen for Act I is so simple as to belong to the ists (classicist for preference—Molièrean), that for Act II decidedly belongs to the isms. At the Warsaw State Opera House (which has a wartime record of work equal to that of the Cracow Theatre) I saw the remarkable settings and costumes designed by M. Drabik for *Pan Twardowski*, a ballet-pantomime version of popular myths surrounding the Polish Faust, set to music by the outstanding Polish composer, Ludomir Rozycki. Here, as elsewhere in the Polish Theatre, there was no up-to-date lighting effects to assist the decorator, who was therefore compelled to rely solely for his effects on his sense of colour, form, and powerful imagination. With the aid of the magnificent national architectural forms and national costumes and an unusual fantastic invention, he obtained results that contributed to the immense delight of multitudes of children, both young and old. This is a sure test of good " decoration."

In Russia war, want, and revolution have had the effect of handing the Theatre over to the workers, soldiers, and peasants. The result is seen in what may be called the Proletarian Theatre. It is not easy to describe this Theatre, seeing that it is involved with all sorts of things not usually associated with the Theatre. One of these things is the Soviet administration, by whose assistance it has got mixed up with propaganda and politics. Perhaps the best way out of the difficulty is to describe it as a Theatre whose repertory and performers have become completely remodelled by Proletarian (unhappy word) or, better, Communist tendencies. It is, in fact, a Theatre run by workers, theatrical and others, for workers, in which workers (professionals are now classed with workers) exercise a control over the choice of plays, methods of production, etc. This

is equivalent to saying that the principal playhouses in Soviet Russia are nationalised. The private playhouses, which till within the last three years provided salacious Parisian fare, have gone out of action. Semi-commercial ones, like the Moscow Art Theatre, still exist, but not as formerly. As plays of the Free Theatre movement period are on the index in Soviet Russia owing to the fact that the workers are not sympathetic towards exhibitions of middle-class life and the merciless dissection of little and lonely lives, the high-brow playhouses, such as they are, are obliged to go elsewhere for their goods, and when one adds that more than one of the heads of the Theatre Departments are the reddest of the Reds, it will be understood that there is much running to the Communist cupboard for bones. So when I say that the workers have complete choice of plays, I mean the Government exercises a choice of plays on behalf of the workers. In other words, there is a strict censorship, the business of which is to prevent the exhibition of anything that does not promote the Communist life, or is in any way reactionary. As I say, middle-class plays have been put on the index. This rules out Tchekov (in his bigger moods). Occasionally a suspect like Ostrowski escapes the ban, but no one knows why. Such is the confusion concerning the strict meaning of "proletarian" and "revolutionary."

The basis of the new theatrical system—the system which promises to remodel the Theatre, not only in Soviet Russia, but out of it—is the principle that the Theatre belongs to the workers and should be possessed and enjoyed by them, though in a manner fully consistent with Communist ideals. It would take too long to examine how the two elements of the Theatre, repertory and performers, have been remodelled by this system. But this much may be said, that a few new plays expressing the life and ideals of Soviet Russia have been written, some by the leaders of the movement itself. Other suitable plays for illustrating revolutionary ideas and the new life have been drawn from the old repertory. Some of these have been freely adapted. The names of the favoured authors, including Shakespeare, Schiller (*Robbers*), Molière, Goldini, Lope de Vega, and moderns, Gogol, Tchekov (in his minor moods), Tolstoi, Andrieff, Ibsen (*Hedda Gabler* and *Master Builder*),

Rostand (*L'Aiglon*), Maeterlinck, Verhaeren (*Dawn*, cut to order by Meyerhold), D'Annunzio. There has also been much adaptation of novels. The actors and actresses have been shaped by several circumstances; being in the pay of the Government; being obliged to appeal to the particular emotions of the workers and soldiers, who of course would not tolerate anything but their own class of play; and, finally, by the terrible economic conditions. The emergence of the Proletarian Theatre has given rise to a great conflict of theory and opinion between its members, and the economic and social questions which are springing up round this Theatre promise to be as numerous as the æsthetic ones before the war. The principal one is, " What is a Proletarian Theatre? "

Perhaps the big Proletarian Theatre, comprised of the many conventional playhouses which have been nationalised, is of less importance than the small Proletarian Theatre. There are in Moscow alone some three or four thousand little stages which were established by the soldiers and workers, and which are open two or three times, sometimes oftener, a week. They are contained in little rooms or shacks and are ready for anyone who has anything to put or say on them. Officially they are practically ignored, as one might expect. They are Proletarian inasmuch as they are run and controlled by the workers. But they reveal no new form of drama, simply because the primitive form which they exhibit is eternal. They are given up to matter which interest all who take part in their expression. Sometimes it is strictly Communist, sometimes not about workers in their own field. Sometimes the workers write their own little plays or extemporise them. Sometimes they go to the cupboard and take down the little Tchekov, Gorki, Ostrowski, Tolstoi, and Andrieff, occasionally Heijermanns and Hauptmann. The peasants, too, have their hundreds of little Theatres in which they play their own pieces. These pieces are very subtle, full of deep significance, religious, and mystical. Here we have a movement full of the utmost importance. Its importance lies in the fact that a great mass of workers and peasants are doing something for themselves in the Theatre, and not asking or expecting others to do it for them, as is the custom in countries outside Soviet Russia.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

The Washington Conference

By Austin Harrison

ONCE more politicians are to meet in world conference, this time at Washington, the subject being the Pacific. The word is ominous. For the Pacific in this case is a council of war, even if it be an attempt to find an alternative for war, while Europe declines, sinking now cumulatively into financial and political chaos. All the prognostications of politicians, profiteers, and pundits have proved barren, even the claim of the victory nations to prosper has miscarried; throughout Europe decay is the sign and symbol of a Peace which was designed and imposed for war. And so war it is, economic war in its multifold destructive forms leading to the situation in which both victor and vanquished to-day find themselves, enmeshed in the coils of a savage folly. And perhaps here alone there is hope. Our position, Britain's position at any rate, is not the logical result of war. We are not suffering now from battle. Our plight, our unemployment, our trade slump, our perilous credit uncertainty—this is not inevitable, it is entirely avoidable. As Professor Cassel wrote the other day: "*The present frightful depression was never necessary*"; and if only the man who votes would get that simple truth in his head and stick to it, undoubtedly the energy could be created which would drive pundits and politicians to a creative or economic peace, whereby alone we can escape the shattering consequences of the world's impending cataclysm. For two years now this REVIEW has sought to point out the stupidity of a Peace which implied war after all Europe had spent four years in shooting up its capital and resources; which accentuated depression and stagnation; which destroyed confidence, without which credit cannot function; which sought to subordinate trade to a political scheme of stratography;

which actually ripped up the very mechanism of credit by placing the cart before the horse or the exchanges before commodities. The leaders of the mob shook their woolly heads in derision. *Va Banque* was the cry from France. *Va Banque* it has been ever since. To-day we have broken the " paper " Bank. We are all like gamblers at Monte who have played their last sovereign—and lost. We cannot sell. Our chase after the gold parity has only resulted in America raising the parity of gold to such an extent that the world's gold market is now actually dependent upon America, who, in despair at the surfeit from which, comically enough, she is suffering, puts up still higher barriers upon trade, thereby stifling the tenuous export credit potential still left to her. And so the extremes sink. America cannot trade because she sits on gold and refuses credit, this latter quite naturally in the circumstances; we cannot trade because Europe cannot buy; the enemy works and trades on a speculative exchange which was the one thing that really should have mattered at Paris, but in the anxiety to hurt, constrict, and smother Germany escaped even the imagination of M. Clemenceau. And so there we are, all bewailing our lot; all talking about remedies, palliatives, and credit nostrums; all growing rapidly poorer, the victors by gold, the vanquished by " paper," yet no policy within sight, no aim discernible, no direction even contemplated—just wait and see as in the good old days of blood and profits when we thought the Russians would seize Berlin any week in any month of any year.

It is not as if anything miraculous had happened; what has happened is absolutely logical. The Americans warned us at Paris what would be the result of a Peace of war. Neutrals told us. Mr. Maynard Keynes resigned, and not a few brave discerning men here risked life and reputation seeking to advise Government of the consequences. The evil was political. The khaki election which returned a Parliament of profiteers and placemen gave the Government the right not to think, and it has ceased from thinking ever since. We hanged the Kaiser in effigy. We extracted £23,000,000,000 in theory. We invested tens of millions in " paper " industrials. We set out to reconquer Ireland and the universe to find that credit is international, and

that because of the insulations and isolations arbitrarily constructed for policy the whole economic system was against us, as exporters and producers, as bankers and usurers, as good, sound business men. Hence the present crisis. As the German mark falls, unemployment here rises. As Germany sells, we stagnate. As America absorbs the gold, we are faced more and more with the danger of deflation, which to-day, with the existing condition of business run on bank overdrafts and absurd over-capitalisation, would bring about bankruptcies by the score, and, if persisted in, would deflate this country into the relativities of the Viennese krone.

And all this unnecessarily. Because the nation when it voted did not think. Because the Coalition, when it obtained its mandate, dared not think. Because Paris alone had a policy, the policy of breaking-up, strangling, and trampling upon Central Europe. That is the position. We drift. We cannot yet balance the Budget. We cannot trade. We are beginning to realise that the policy of Versailles means indefinite economic war, indefinite armaments, indefinite misery, pauperisation and anarchy, and so another attempt is to be made at Washington to see whether Governments can discover a policy or any line calculated to save their faces and their countries from slow but sure disaster.

Now if, instead of a Government of attractive talkers, we had a Government of thinkers, of men whose chief aim was not their own position as politicians, but the good of country and civilisation, they would go to Washington with a definite policy of world re-invigoration and reconstruction. Certainly it is not yet too late. We still have an Empire whither some millions of men in these islands can emigrate; we still are a great potential; above all, we still possess in England men of light and commanding character. Our hope resides in such men. We cannot go on as we are much longer, or stage by stage we shall deteriorate as a nation; unemployment will grow despite doles or inflation remedies; sooner or later the dam will burst and flood all and sundry. Clearly a firm policy is required. As usual, charity begins at home.

To-day, the diagnosis of the disease is generally accepted. The main causes are the War-Peace, the Repara-

tions, the debts, the exchanges, the broken purchasing-power of Europe, the French re-militarisation of political Europe in defiance of economic laws, the want of moral direction, the apathy of disillusioned peoples, the silly would-be savagery of Parliaments and politicians, the collapse of spiritual man. And if at Washington all that will be discussed is more proprietary politics or the next war between Japan and America, or how to "do in" America, or how to prevent America from "doing in" Europe, not much can be expected. But this can hardly be all, for America herself is suffering too acutely from broken trade to play merely a detached part, and so what we are likely to find is that disarmament really means credit, for the simple reason that America cannot be asked to write off some £3,000,000,000 of debt if all that we propose to do with the gift is to build up great armies and navies. Having the gold, America has the credit. It is a formidable argument, and unless Americans are utterly blind to their own main chances it is to be assumed that something in the nature of a reconstructive policy will be tabled, apart from the question of Japan and China, where again we hold a balancing argument in a deal, say, over Hong-Kong. But that is diplomacy. There, no doubt, provided we are wise enough to settle Ireland, we shall arrive at an equation, and it will be of world significance. We cannot hesitate as between Japan and America, unless we want to go down. Canada will not sign on to any anti-American alliance over Japan, nor will the white part of Britain. Diplomatically, we should be able to give and take with America, but the real question will remain, Europe. Is Europe to drift into bankruptcy or not? Is there to be an American-British salving credit policy?

If not, then the chaos in Europe will advance. The whole neutral banking system of Europe is involved in German credit, and if that goes, if the internal purchasing-power of the mark reaches heights that compel refusal of currency, as in Austria and Russia, nothing can prevent the financial crash of Europe, leading inevitably to wholesale revolution and barbarism. And such is the inevitable prospect. The only alternative is an Anglo-American monetary combination working on a policy of definite reconstruction. This co-operation is difficult because in

America deflation has raised the value of gold to an abnormal extent, and to meet the situation probably inflation in America and a little deflation here will be necessary. Yet it can be done. If it is done, we and America would be in a position to ride the world financially and incidentally to save Europe.

But politics rule economics to-day, and so the obstacles are many. First, we cannot equate so long as we stand (1) to a Reparations policy which is nonsense; (2) to a political Europe which implies militarism at home; (3) to an Eastern Alliance which arouses American suspicions; (4) to an anti-Irish policy. Ireland is the opening key to all American policy, and we shall have to choose between a sane attitude towards the idealism of Ireland plus a racial sanity of colour, and chancing our fortunes. The stake is credit —work, trade, prosperity, continuity of Empire; the alternative is certain poverty, war, disruption. Not very difficult as a choice. Yet in fact it is extraordinarily difficult because mind no longer rules England, who still has no policy, no principle of policy, no creative aim.

America, too, is disgruntled. After the failure at Paris, good Americans cry "Out of Europe" and proceed to raise the Tariffs. To most Americans the squabbles of Europe are the nightmares of an antique civilisation, just as we look upon the rivalries of South American Republics. They do not invest abroad. They are not international bankers like we are, or the Dutch. They only see in the savage penalties of the French Peace a reason for isolation, just as they only see in the Reparations' demands a sign of European insanity. It is not easy to persuade Americans that Europe is part of the world's credit system; that their own economic system has since the war passed the stage of splendid self-sufficiency; that unemployment in America is the result of Europe's lack of purchasing-power; that gold is valueless unless used in circulation. Small wonder. Do we worry when Buffalo squeals? Size and distance are against us. Three thousand miles of water make Jugo-Slavdom, Upper Silesia, or Czecho-Slovakia look puny things, and all Europe could comfortably go into Texas. Nor is America politically one, as we saw over President Wilson. The average American does not understand why Europe should be let off her debts to indulge in

Napoleonism, and there he is logical enough. Americans do not venerate war which is not of their traditions. They feel that Armageddon has settled nothing in Europe or out of Europe, and they are unused to international responsibility. Two worlds, therefore, face one another at Washington, two different attitudes of thought, and Americans are conscious that they have not the cunning of the old world diplomatic school. The issue will be this: Can Britain and America find an equation? Is there sufficient honesty and purpose of vision among our politicians to harmonise with the ruder and simpler texture of American civilisation? Shall we for a Japanese or a Catholic Irishman refuse the blood and genius of our own history?

Such will be the real problem at Washington. It will mark a turning-point in our evolution. If we fail, fail to transfuse with America, nothing can emerge but a paper treaty and the prospect of another war, and we shall have laid the fuse of our own imperial dismembership. For England is no more the Empire. The Empire is our race, our culture, our attestation. The Empire is the English-speaking world. If we are to survive, our civilisation must be the integrator, our common humanity the crown, ourselves the configuration. We are no longer a mere island. We are a world association.

Personally, I am rather hopeful. The Premier is certainly trying to reach peace with Ireland, which is the precondition of success, and if he succeeds, as I think he will, then he can certainly go to America salved and shriven of an historical crime, indeed almost with a halo. The first step in any stabilising policy of credit must be to stop the rise in the value of gold, that is, to reverse the policy of chasing gold under the illusion that the greater the supply in the banks' cellars the richer a country is. What is needed is an Anglo-American parity with the object of cheapening gold value, not raising it, so as to accommodate prices, thus reacting on the broken currencies which cannot be arbitrarily deflated without smashing all credit and business (*vide* Professor Bonn's article). A constructive British policy would aim at Washington at two things. First, full political understanding *re* Japan, China, and Alliance commitments. Secondly, monetary co-operation with a view to restore Europe's purchasing-power in order that we and

America can restart trade. The foreign exchange problem depends primarily upon Anglo-American stabilisation of gold value. If we cannot co-operate, we shall have to accept the consequences, which can only be the abandonment of the gold standard and Britain's liquidation with Europe on a new paper standard. That is why we simply dare not inflate until we learn whether America will co-operate or not.

All authorities are now agreed that the exchange problem is the key to any return to trade and prosperity, and to no one is a return to healthy commercial conditions more urgent than to Britain. We can thus afford to let out the political painter a lot. If we support America in China, if we convince her that our aim is peace, if we can testify to our sincerity of purpose, America will no doubt respond financially, and so the first step will devolve upon us. We may not like it, some may not even think so, but the plain truth remains that no accommodation can be obtained without modification of the Treaty, without a sensible adjustment of Reparations, without a new and constructive attitude towards the French map of Europe. The Silesian decision of the League of Nations shows the fallacy of more tinkering and equivocations. Fundamentally, economically, humanly, it is a compromise. To place whole regions of Upper Silesia, built up by German capital, industry, and system, under Polish jurisdiction is to throw back these regions a hundred years. Differences of religion, of culture, of race, of psychology, of tradition cannot be settled by a compromise of force, any more than we could settle Ireland by drawing a line through Belfast. The League of Nations has again discredited itself, and no matter what its exponents may say the award will imply still deeper chaos, yet wider hatred and havoc, which is perhaps the reason why Parisian newspapers have heralded it as the gleeful triumph over England of French policy, which of course it is. But it will only create more trouble, and, if upheld, will necessitate our maintenance of an army ready to fight for this interpretation of " self-determination." Its only merit is that Germany must default over Reparations, and so the vicious circle revolves. France sees herself nearer to her aim of annexing the Rhine Provinces. As for Poland, the

hour that Russia returns to constitutionalism, the doom of Greater Poland will be sealed and the new Partition in sight. That is all. Shall we fight for Poland then? To ask is to answer the question. And so the League of Nations has settled nothing and henceforth, as it exists, will have small authority in Europe. We approach nearer to Europe's breakdown.

Our difficulty at Washington will thus be to persuade America that any security in Europe is worth consideration, which, as a fact, under present conditions it frankly is not. But to obtain American credit, security must be forthcoming. How? There is only one how. To provide surety we shall have to make a new, an economic, peace; we shall have to restore confidence to Europe; we shall have to say straight out to Paris that Napoleonism can no longer be the policy of Great Britain. Once we get a line with America, we can do this without further delay, for the whole fabric is built on paper money as any man who reads Mr. Emil Davies' article on French finance can see. If France got £1,000,000,000 out of Germany, that would cover all damage and it would be enough. But to pay that sum Germany must be able to buy raw material. At present we are forcing her at the bayonet's point to pay huge sums —which mean more marks or bankruptcy—while putting up tariff barriers to prevent her selling. It is a policy of stupidity almost without precedent in European history. But now that it is injuring us, now that millions of British workmen are out of work because of Reparations, we should begin to think. Sooner or later, we shall have to cut away from self-stultification, and the best thing we could do would be at Washington to go in with America for order, credit, and European creation.

The whole problem for us is exports. We must trade. Well, we cannot. We cannot sell because Europe cannot buy, and no scheme can avail that does not strike at the roots of the evil, namely the Treaty which tied up Europe for war, which has clogged production and distribution, which has Balkanised the whole and de-industrialised the parts for the mockery of a Hymn of Hate in comparison with which the German Jewish original was a sardine. How long shall we hurt and impoverish ourselves? How long can politicians hide the ghastly truth that they are

destroying England, are ruining our industries, are starving our people, are degrading our honour, our flag, and our heritage—for an election lie?

We shall find trade in China, some say. We shall discover a gold-mine. If America and Japan fight we shall make munitions money. This is the talk. It is all evasion. It is Nemesis. The evil that men do lives after them. The evil that we did is recoiling upon us. It has reduced us to a Power which cannot sell, so that all our new machinery, our brand new industrial potential as we called it a year ago, is scrap, and the need is rather to destroy our factories which stand derelict and forlorn all over Northern England, like the derelict factories we made years back in Ireland. We cannot employ our people. Some millions will have to go—rejected heroes—unless we readjust Europe's purchasing-power. Our over-capitalised industries will have to be debentured and redebentured until they crash by the dozens. We shall return to the hungry 'forties. We shall sink to a land which cannot give work to millions of its people. We shall be forced into a capital levy, into semi-repudiation, into soft money, into political decay unless we take our courage in both hands and strike out—for freedom and an economic peace. Unless——it is a pious thought. But the shadows are falling ominously. Idle factories speak. All over Europe the sands are running out. In another year all Europe will be on semi-starvation points, and by next winter we may have suffering and hunger in these islands which will compel sanity. For that is the sole requirement—just a little common-sense working on decent, English constructive thought.

To talk Japanese-American war policy at Washington will be a pretty futile business if that is to be all, for that will not help our unemployed, our idle and superfluous factories, or our idle exports. Only policy can get us out of the rut. Only fearless recognition of the facts will help. Only straight, sound economic co-operation with America can pull us through the crisis that is now beginning. We shall have to give up the idea of financing Greek Mediterranean Navalism, of Mesopotamia for the Jews and the Jews for us, of playing the "little Corporal" over Europe, of throwing chunks of territories and nations now to this now to that one to suit the strategic dispositions of

the French War Office, of fancying ourselves military arbitrator of the world. Our strength in the past was Peace, Free Trade, justice, credit. We thrived as islanders on trade. We cannot thrive on militarism. We were fully populated before war; we are over-populated to-day, over-manned, over-powered, over-capitalised, over-taxed. The man must be insane who imagines we can continue to buy 50 per cent. of our food while losing 40 per cent. of our exports and at the same time raise £1,000,000,000 in revenue. All this is Dogberry politics—strawberry-gooseberry finance.

There is one aspect of our loss of exports and consequent unemployment which seems to be generally overlooked: it is that under our present system of supply and demand, which means that value is determined by price, exports, as obviously the thing to be aimed at by industrial countries such as ours, are thus raised by necessity to a higher economic policy than before 1914, hence the cry of super-production when war ended. What has been disregarded is the new industrial potentiality of Europe, which owing to war has become, nation by nation, far more industrially self-sufficient than formerly, and in particular this country, where, in our anxiety to exclude foreign goods, we have set up all kinds of home industries with their corollary, Protection. Now this means that we shall import less; we shall consequently be forced to export less, (1) because Europe is as a whole poorer than in 1914; (2) because the nations of Europe have themselves set up new home industries also under Protection of a frenzied kind; (3) because Europe's purchasing-power, owing to the broken exchange mechanism, practically prohibits them from buying except on long-term credits, which under existing conditions of speculative instability are unobtainable. Since the war each country has sought to produce more for home consumption. The result is that each country needs to buy less from elsewhere. The old exports distribution has been radically deranged and in many countries artificially stopped. Now this condition must affect us, for our exports were largely based on European demand, which we were able to supply under a monopoly of Free Trade which gave us cheap food and cheap wages, and so mass production.

What has taken place is that Europe has far more skilled labour than prior to war. Now our wealth and export trade depended largely upon the products of cheap labour, and so we find in all intensive industrial centres a marked " slump " as the result of this complex of new factors, which necessarily affects the great industrial countries. Take glass. Belgian glass slumps because we have started making glass which in turn slumps because Germany makes more glass. Similarly with iron and steel, textiles, dyes, etc., etc. Each country seeks to become self-providing under mountainous tariffs and can on the exchanges purchase nothing. But this hits us in the eye. Our former exports distribution is upset. In almost all highly intensive export-producing industries we register a slump, and it is this factor which has struck America. And Europe is fundamentally poorer. She cannot buy at the old rate or ratio. We are left thus largely in the air, and super-production is a fallacy. Our specific danger is that New World food may also follow this industrial curve of restriction, which would seriously jeopardise our position. Already this restriction is evidenced in cotton and rubber growing. If prices are not attractive enough, it may automatically affect food production.

The truth is that as Europe is poorer, more self-sufficient industrially, and cannot buy by reason of the exchanges, Britain, so long as Russia is out of the picture, must inevitably export less unless new absorption markets can be discovered, which in any case will be a matter of time. As Europe sinks, she will buy less and less from us, no matter how much exports credit the Government on the people's money chooses to stand bank for, so that though we may see a slight revival of trade it will be " paper " trade financed on future taxation, in reality not adding to our wealth, but directly to our internal indebtedness. Any such remedy is a quack anodyne. In addition, we have the difficulty of high wages. Now our new skilled industries, thus glass, dyes, are not skilled enough to compete abroad—*ergo*, they slump, and our unskilled industries cannot get back to their export position for the reasons explained; nor can they hope to until retail prices smash and food becomes infinitely cheaper than it is to-day. Our unemployment is a post-war economic phenomenon due

to the economic dislocation of pre-war manufacturing Europe; to Europe's frenzied Protection which has turned every frontier into a gendarmerie warren of officials, soldiers, spies, and policemen; to Europe's broken exchanges; to the savage greed which has possessed all Governments and peoples to think only in exports, thus striking a vital blow at industrial countries such as Britain and Belgium, whose strength lay in cheap unskilled industries and in intensive export-producing skilled industries based on quality not possessed by other nations. That is what the Federation of British Industries should be thinking about, and that is why Sir Hugh Bell said that coal must come down to 30s. Our pre-war export strength depended upon (1) cheap coal; (2) cheap labour, on sea, on land, and in the great unskilled industries, thus iron and steel; (3) cheap food and clothes; (4) Free Trade and the free gold market. So long as coal, food, clothes, and labour wages remain high, we cannot recover our export trade. We are faced with the prospect either of smashing wages or of settling down to a greatly diminished export trade, which, now that America with a greatly increased productive potential is also a greatly increased export seeker, must lead to still further decline and to widespread unemployment in our great unskilled industries.

As we stand with idle factories we are caught on the law of supply and demand. The supply is a surfeit, for there is no demand. And there only will be a demand when Europe can rebuy our goods.* Mr. Lloyd George said the cause of unemployment was war. It is a half truth. The definite cause of the distress is the War Peace which economically deranged credit, confidence, and commerce and will go on slumping us until creative conditions are re-established.

* Australia and New Zealand cannot buy from us because Europe cannot buy their wool. Emigration there is no good without European purchasing power.

"Heartbreak House" and—an Actress

By S. O.

As a play, *Heartbreak House* is a " stymie " to orthodox criticism, for continually a self-respecting critic is forced to ask himself what it all means, what is its motive, or even whether it has any coherent purpose, so diffuse, inorganic, and inconsequential is its movement until the aeroplanes and the explosion; but as a discussion or entertainment the thing unquestionably grips, and an evening passes quick with intense ups and downs, thrills, bathos, and that curious theatricality so peculiar to the author, which is the feature of his philosophy. After all, that is the test. No action, plot, mystery, sentiment, or possessive climax. On the contrary, always antithesis, interlude, extraneosity, anti-climax, yet for three hours and a half we sit and attend and the talk scintillates, and we are held spellbound in the " poop " or chamber of an old sea captain's house known as Heartbreak because in the vicinity of the gruff old sailor truth will bob up like the sea-serpent and promote situations. And that is Mr. Shaw's simple. He unrobes his people. He causes the men to undress the women, the women the men. His golden rule is no passion. True, there is a kiss and love is the argument, but it is dialectics, revelation, diagnosis, evisceration, and so tantalisingly obsessed is Mr. Shaw with his sexless stage projections that himself he seems to be obsessed and cannot get away from the Edenic theory that man lives by woman and is in fact her thrall.

And this sexless sexuality gets across into the audience, associated with the fear that Mr. Shaw is becoming religious. The old sea-dog is clearly symbolic. He is looking for the seventh power of concentration. He hops around, barks and brandishes grandiloquence, but in the end succumbs—to the new sweet English girl who herself is Mr. Shaw's creation.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE" AND—AN ACTRESS

Bernard Shaw has certainly done two things. He has demolished the "gentleman"; he has created the new English girl who really owes him a bouquet. Before Shaw's time, the English girl was either purely physical or purely gratuitous; that is, she either hunted foxes in the shires, or hunted her mate. Shaw has taught woman to speak. His "superman" was no creation; it was the new woman that really emerged; she coming into rights of speech and sex, shaking at the bars of the prison gates which under the crucifix had kept her so long captive. This is Shaw's crowning achievement. Not man, certainly not superman, but the free woman, imagined first in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* which so astonished us at the time, and ever since, step by step, the English woman, under Shaw's tuition and inspiration, has grown into the fledgling of to-day, free at last to discuss life, love, marriage, or her own body.

I doubt whether Shaw was conscious of this discovery at first; certainly he got deflected over the "superman" who does not exist, and really only emphasised the coming woman. *Heartbreak House* teems with these girls, experienced and inexperienced; those who have learnt to take, those who worship tiger-hunters. And it is curious how gentle this fierce Socialist is with his women: who in their hearts are all "nice" women toying with the absurdities of the vain sex. Quite the typical English girl is the lady who, finally, bored with the rich vulgarian whom they all strip to the socks, cured of her infatuation for the husband flirt of her friend, chooses the dear old captain, now growing rapidly old, dicky and dotty. And seeing this jolly, entertaining, sex-fascinating play, one sees that pessimism is no part of Shavian philosophy, for in all essentials he is on the spot, and usually one year ahead. The girls we meet to-day are Shavian blossoms. They emanate from the playwright's cabinet, they are the corona coronas of his library (they smoke, at any rate, if Shaw doesn't). He has freed a sex. Orgies *à la* Asche of flesh and nakedness are but the schoolboy ramps of men who never grow up. In Shaw's plays women detect themselves, and that is why Shaw's women are so infinitely more vital than his men, and especially in *Heartbreak House*. Every third house in England has an old captain. The Coalition

Parliament is full of "movie" or syndicalist barons of finance. The husband fellow is rather a bore. It is the women who matter. To-day, these Shavian ladies are topical, typical, they are the parthenogenesis of the "Dolly Sisters," as in every school the girls prance like Shaw's stage creations who really are his godchildren.

His men are rather cheap. This may be the bi-sex satire of the poet, but in this play the women outsex the men—which physiologically seems wrong. It is there that critics bristle. Probably it is this want of sympathy with normal man that estranges men from Shaw. No doubt that is why men affect not to understand him, *i.e.*, they do not understand women: who have grown up in civilisation as types rather than entities, as matter rather than form. What Shaw shows is that whereas many women succeed up to their capacity, relatively few men succeed up to theirs, capacity being, of course, limited in the former, unlimited in the latter. The limited sex wins. Type prevails. To be happy with nothing is man's prerogative or genius. As matter, women have not the alternative. The impersonal or creative sense has hitherto been denied them.

At the Court then a man can pass a robust evening thinking faster than he generally has need to, and a woman can feature her own evolution, as in a looking-glass. She can witness her own inexorable, implacable self, reaching out for the unlimited expression, while man as poet, as philosopher, as swashbuckler, plots damnation and diabolics, groping always for the beyond, which of course is woman, always the next woman, always the elusive unknown which is unrealisable, while she remains the constant and the everlasting content. I think that is what it is all about. Good fun, anyway, and unconscionably difficult to act.

N.B.—People who like really good acting should see *Woman to Woman*, where Miss Kershaw is a revelation. She plays like a first-rate French actress. At times, she resembles Gaby; then we have a touch of Sarah; then she is an old woman. Her methods are controlled. Her sex is an emanation. The voice tingles. It is a long time since London saw a woman play so consistently through in the great manner.

The Expulsion of Dr. Oscar Levy

THE expulsion under the Aliens Act of Dr. Oscar Levy is a curious reflection on the civilisation which went to war in the cause of " liberation." It is suggested that the reason why Mr. Shortt saw no reason to grant an extension in his case was that Dr. Levy is the English translator of Nietzsche, but one hesitates to believe that British officialdom has sunk quite so low. But there it is. A man eminent as physician, as philosopher and writer, who has resided here since 1894, has to quit these shores, and England is rid of an outstanding intellect. The French have offered him *asyle*. We live in strange times. A very representative body of writers signed a petition on his behalf, yet no notice was taken. The official attitude seemed to be, in Schiller's words, " the Jew must be burnt." Once more the man of letters pays the price of intellectual honesty. Such an act merely makes us ridiculous of course, and benefits nobody. It shows how war has blunted our sense of fair play, our national dignity, our moral fibre, how far we have travelled from the spirit which hailed Garibaldi, Kossuth, and the crusaders of thought. Not so was England made. Not in that way was the Empire spun. Not with that niggardly outlook shall we preserve it. In chasing out of the land a man of the stamp of Dr. Levy, we testify to what we have lost in war rather than to what we have gained. A charming, entirely harmless, conspicuously cultured foreigner, who desired nothing more than to be one of us, becomes an exile. But in this case it is not the " absent who is in the wrong," as the French say. Intellectually, we are making ourselves foolish—for a hate. Mr. Shortt, who failed egregiously over Ireland, has failed again as an Englishman.

The Financial State of France

By A. Emil Davies, L.C.C.

(Unless otherwise indicated, sums stated in £ are the equivalent of French francs taken at the pre-war value of 25 francs to the £.)

WHEN the ordinary reader comes across a newspaper paragraph to the effect that the French Budget proposals for 1922 involve a deficit of 2,500 million francs he may pause a moment, make a rapid calculation that this represents about £100 millions on the pre-war value of the franc and about £50 millions of our money to-day, and pass on, unperturbed, to the next item of news, for in these days, when the world is rapidly moving towards the internationalisation of bankruptcy, a deficit of this amount does not seem anything exceptional. This figure, however, gives but the faintest indication of the position of the French national finances, which, as I shall proceed to show, are nothing but a house of cards resting upon a foundation of air, to wit, the possibility of Germany being able to fulfil the financial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

Thus far, French post-war Budgets have been made to balance by the gloriously simple device of dividing them into two portions, one being a statement of anticipated receipts and expenditure such as we are accustomed to in this country, and the other being a statement in which expenditure and revenue also balance nicely, but the "receipts" consist wholly of "reimbursements to be made by Germany under the Versailles Treaty." The ordinary Budget for 1922 demands credits for £1,000 millions, and receipts from taxation and other sources are estimated to reach a total of £900 millions, showing a deficit of £100 millions. These credits do not, however, include the following essential expenditures, all of which are transferred to the special Budget that has to be charged up to the German Reparations account.

	£
Ministry of Liberated Regions	46 millions.
Interest on Crédit National Loans	22 ,,
Interest on Special Local Loans in the Liberated Regions	12 ,,
Ministry of Pensions	162 ,,
Other Ministries and Sundry Expenditures	44 ,,
Total	286 ,,

Now it is obvious that, whether Germany ever makes these payments or not, France has to meet and pay out in cash the pensions and other similar items, regardless of whether they are included in one part of the Budget or another, although if reparations in kind are made under the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement, their value may be deducted from the first item shown in the table, the Ministry of Liberated Regions no longer being under the compulsion of purchasing such goods. As the French Budget for 1922 stands, out of £1,286 millions, only £900 millions may be regarded as covered by assured receipts, there being at present an estimated deficit of £100 millions, to which should be added that proportion (or all) of the £286 millions charged up to Germany which will not be forthcoming.

The 1922 Budget, however, is only one of a series in which equilibrium has been arrived at merely *on* paper and *by* the issue of paper, and obviously a succession of such make-believe Budgets must lead to the further piling up of debt and consequent worsening of each subsequent Budget by reason of the greater amount of interest that has to be paid on the debt.

From August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1921, the credits voted by the French Government—that is to say the amounts expended—come to £11,226 millions, during which period the National Debt has grown from £1,200 millions to £12,060 millions, and each year witnesses further huge additions to the debt. Of this debt $3,637 millions are owed to the United States, £557 millions actual to Great Britain, 30,000,000 yen to Japan, and various sums to other countries, and if the present exchange rates are taken into account, the total debt would be stupendously increased; in the figures given 5 francs are reckoned as equivalent to the dollar, whereas it actually

takes 14 to purchase a dollar; and it should be noted that the French Budget thus far makes no provision for the payment of interest, let alone repayment on the American and British Loans, besides which receipts are swelled temporarily by the inclusion as income of estimated proceeds of the sale of war stores. Furthermore, these figures do not appear to tell the whole story of State indebtedness, resort having recently been made to an ingenious method of raising loans for national purposes, without including them as part of the National Debt. The French Government rightly assumed the responsibility of making good the material losses which French citizens suffered at the hands of the invader, and some millions of claims have to be dealt with. Although, theoretically of course, the burden of this restoration of the devastated regions falls upon Germany, the inhabitants of those regions cannot wait until Germany has made all these Reparations payments (even if she should be able to do so), so they have formed themselves into co-operative societies for the purpose of pooling and discounting the compensation they are to receive, and rebuilding their ruined homes. To achieve this they must capitalise now the annuities or payments that fall to be made to them in the future, and legislation has been passed enabling any persons or corporations whose established claims exceed one million francs to issue Loans, pledging as security the compensation annuities due from the French Government. These Loans take the form of 6 per cent. Bonds, issued at 95 per cent., and groups of war victims in Rheims, Verdun, and Albert have already issued Loans of this nature to the extent of £8,000,000, while the Crédit National is also issuing similar Loans on behalf of others in like circumstances. All these Loans do not appear as part of France's indebtedness, but the interest thereon will have to be provided in future Budgets. In connection with these Loans, the worst possible policy, from the national point of view, is followed, of making them exempt from all present and future taxation—a direct invitation to the wealthy to keep themselves immune from the greatly increased taxation that will have to be levied if France is to remain solvent.

If we attempt to take stock of the present financial position of France, we find that the notes in circulation

on October 6, 1921, amounted to Frs.37,792,328,875, or, at the pre-war rate of exchange, no less than £1,510 millions, the gold cover for which amounts to only £143 millions. France is expending on armaments £200,000,000 per annum as compared with £72,000,000 before the war, and these figures do not include the cost of the army of occupation in Germany. The French railways show an enormous deficit—during the last financial year it amounted to £120 millions—which has to be made good by the State. It will be seen, therefore, that the Budget figures, appalling as they are, do not fully reflect the hollow condition of the French national finances.

Side by side with this formidable piling up of a crushing burden upon the future productivity of the French population is an alarming decrease in the numbers of that population, which, of course, increases the burden per head. Indeed, these are the only figures of any importance which show a decrease. The results of the last census, published quite recently in the *Journal Officiel*, show the total population to be 36,084,206 as compared with 38,468,813 in 1911, a decrease of over 6 per cent. in ten years. In slight extenuation of a picture sufficiently black, it should be borne in mind that by the transference of the Sarre and Lorraine coalfields France has gained assets of material importance, but even if an adequate and efficient labour supply for these and any other new assets is forthcoming, the results will go but a little way to meet the stupendous deficits that will have to be met when they can no longer be concealed. For the French public as a whole is no more acquainted with the real position of affairs than was the British public in 1918, when it voted into power a liquor trade and capitalist-ridden Government in the belief that Germany could be made to pay for the war. French Ministers have not the same contempt for those who put them into power as have their British *confrères*; they are afraid of their public, and are therefore at more pains to keep from them a realisation of the true state of affairs. Hence the mad imperialistic policy of France, which, the more successful it is in ruining Germany, renders the more inevitable the coming financial collapse of France. It might be asked why French statesmen should pursue a policy which they must know is bound

to end in disaster; but it must be remembered that *après nous le déluge* is a French proverb.

Meantime, the rich escape their share of taxation, and the only suggestion before the country to meet part of this year's revealed deficit is to double the existing tax on turnover, an impost which taxes a man according to the size of his family instead of the size of his income. Although there has been a so-called income tax in France for many years, it was not a tax levied upon persons, but merely a deduction from interest and dividends, which in France are almost invariably paid by means of coupons. Every attempt to introduce a personal income tax, such as we have in the United Kingdom, has been more or less frustrated by the opposition of the rich, and the history of M. Joseph Caillaux might have been very different if he had not shown his determination to enforce such a tax. Under the pressure of war some sort of a personal income tax has at last been put into operation, but according to statistics recently published by the Ministry of Finance, the total number of people subject to the tax is 528,971, which, even after allowing for the fact that France's population is 37 millions against our 46 millions, compares badly with the corresponding number for Britain of over 5,000,000. Nor is it due to the existence of a much higher level of abatement, seeing that incomes of Frs.6,000 are subject to this tax. A considerable proportion of the fortunes of France must be escaping their share of taxation, for in 1920 income tax there brought in a revenue of only 812 million francs; or £32 millions, whereas the British income tax payers provide over £390 millions per annum. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear from correspondents in French financial centres that there is plenty of money about.

That there is an undercurrent of sanity in French affairs is shown by the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement already referred to. By this agreement, which covers a period of fifteen years, Germany undertakes to deliver to France during the five years terminating May, 1926, goods and material to a value not exceeding 7,000 million gold marks—about £350 millions. France is much more likely to receive something material on this basis than to get any appreciable portion of her share of the 132,000 millions of gold marks (£6,600 millions) which Germany was com-

pelled on May 5 to undertake to pay. Any serious student of affairs knows that Germany could not possibly pay any such sum, and if France is to profit by the more sensible agreement of payment in kind, this absurd imposed obligation will have to be modified. Such cash payments as have already been received from Germany (with what effect upon the mark and world trade has already been seen) go to meet the cost of the various armies of occupation—to pay the wages of the sheriff's officers, as it were, instead of the reparations thus enforced!

It is clear that in the best of events France will have to work out the greater part of her own salvation. It is right that Germany should pay for the misdeeds of her governing class, but this, as any visitor to that country who looks below the surface is aware, she is doing and will do for two generations in the health of her people; she must pay in materials up to her capacity, but to demand more will bring about a complete breakdown of her economic structure, and no military occupation will provide the materials necessary to build up France.

What emerges from this consideration of France's present financial situation and policy? This: That she is maintaining the semblance of solvency by a series of fictitious entries, reckoning as credit items sums that Germany could never possibly pay; that her main international policy is rendering even a partial payment by Germany less and less likely; that she abstains from taxing her wealthy inhabitants, and is heading steadily for bankruptcy. Small wonder, therefore, that the fall in the value of the mark is followed by a fall in the franc, showing that in the money markets of the world it is recognised that France's hope of financial recovery depends upon Germany's ability to carry out the Reparations clauses which have been forced upon her. It is freely stated in high financial circles that when France has approached London and New York with a view to the flotation of further Loans, she has been delicately admonished to raise more revenue in the shape of taxation. British investors have lost very heavily on the French Loans placed in London, for both interest and capital thereof are payable in francs only; as a result, the 1,642 million francs (£60 millions) of 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. Rentes which the French Government placed in Britain have fallen to just one-half of their issue price, for

with every fall in the value of the franc the amount of English currency obtainable for each hundred francs of such Loan falls correspondingly.

After the foregoing animadversions upon the French financial policy it may come as a surprise to some readers that I should advocate the complete remission of France's indebtedness to us of £557 millions, but I advocate this for the following reasons, which a Frenchman might say (not without justice) are typically British:—

(1) The remission of debt incurred by an ally in a war out of which we managed to secure vast additions to our Empire would be merely an act of justice.

(2) It would be a *beau geste* which would have an excellent sentimental effect upon our relations with France.

(3) We are never in any circumstances likely to get the money, anyhow.

(4) It would be an excellent example for the United States to follow with regard to our own debt to her, amounting to little short of £1,000 millions.

A year or two hence an American writer may be making the same sort of examination into British national finances that I am doing here for the French, and come to much the same conclusion. Until that occurs it is doubtful if our practical business friends across the Atlantic will forgo what they look upon as a good debt, in consideration of our forgoing a bad debt, and they may point out that a nation which in these days can spend millions upon the construction of battleships, in view of possible future wars, cannot very well ask to be excused debts incurred in a recent war.

Whether France will save herself from complete bankruptcy depends upon whether (*a*) she relies more upon herself than she has done since 1914, by levying more taxation upon her own people, and (*b*) whether she follows the policy indicated by the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement or the militarist policy; the latter, if followed, will involve France in as certain ruin as Germany, and he is a bold man who would allege that Britain would escape from being dragged down the abyss for which France appears to be heading, and in connection with which the rate of exchange may be regarded as a speedometer.

The Crux of the Reparation Problem

By Professor M. J. Bonn

THE international economic situation is characterised to-day by the fact that the war has greatly increased the industrial productive capacity of the world, whilst at the same time power of consumption has greatly diminished. The balance between the production of agricultural foodstuffs and raw materials, already seriously disturbed since the beginning of the century, has been completely overturned; to mention Russia is sufficient.

This great reduction of purchasing power is aggravated by the depreciation of the exchanges. A depreciating exchange is in the long run equivalent to reduced purchasing power of the country suffering from it; it is offset to a limited extent by the stimulus it is giving to exports. This being so, a balance might be reached automatically by a nation's foreign commitments being reduced and her foreign assets being increased; and a stabilisation of the foreign exchanges might be brought about, if at the same time inflation were to come to a standstill.

As far as Germany is concerned, the Reparation obligations make this automatic settlement impossible. The settling of a Reparation debt is, broadly speaking, equivalent to an adverse balance of payment. The country concerned must pay more to other countries than she receives from them. This can only be done if she has a favourable balance of trade, or considerable invisible exports. Germany has neither to-day. She has an adverse balance of trade, and no invisible exports. Quite the contrary, she is indebted to foreign countries, quite apart from her Reparation obligations. There are great obstacles blocking the way to a favourable balance of trade. Most debtor countries—and a country paying Reparation is a debtor country, which has not had the use of the

capital it is debited with for productive purposes—have been so-called young countries, *i.e.*, agricultural countries, with great possibilities for development. They could easily reduce their imports by diminishing their consumption of manufactured goods, and quite as easily increase their exports, consisting of foodstuffs and raw materials.

Germany is an old industrial country. She cannot reduce her imports to any great extent, for she can only live and produce when receiving grain, fat, rubber, cotton, wool, and so on. She cannot even exclude " articles de luxe," because France does not want to lose her market. She can scarcely increase her exports on the scale needed, as her exports are mainly competitive. Her falling exchange, among other causes, enables her to undercut her competitors; her competitors are her creditors. They insist on payment, but prevent her from making it. They block her markets by tariffs, anti-dumping legislation, and exclusion. They refuse her the most-favoured-nation treatment, insisting rightly that a depreciating currency is unfair competition, and they force her to make unfair competition by depreciating her currency.

The fall of the exchanges, it is said, is due merely to inflation, brought about by unsound financial methods. But there is no strict parallel between the issue of bank notes and the present rate of exchange. The dollar cost 100 marks early in 1920, when 40 billion notes were issued; it fell to nearly 40 in the following months, though the note issue increased steadily; it stood between 50 and 80 in spring 1921, when the note issue had gone up to 70 billions, and it rose to 100 and more when the effects of the payments of the first billion for Reparation were felt. And it went down from about 125 to 195 inside a week, when the German public realised the gravity of the League of Nations' decision about Upper Silesia. No doubt there is a close connection between Reparation payments and note issue. As things are at present, the German Government must issue Treasury bills to finance Reparation. These Treasury bills are bought by the Reichsbank with newly issued notes. With these notes Government has to buy the foreign bills needed for Reparation payment.

These Reparation payments bring about an increased *primary* demand for foreign exchange. This unsettles the

exchange, and immediately a *secondary* demand sets in. For the high cost of the foreign exchanges increases the demand for foreign bills instead of diminishing it. Every German business man indebted abroad buys gold exchange for fear of a higher rise later on, when his payment falls due; every importer of raw material or foodstuffs lays in foreign currencies in some form or other, so as to be quite sure to be able to get his goods at a price no higher than that ruling to-day. These are followed by the flock of speculators, many of them mere exchange gamblers, but others frightened investors, who want to save some of their money from the depreciation of the mark. The flight from the mark sets in, *i.e.*, the desire of German investors to provide against further shrinkage of their capital; it is due to-day mainly to the fall of the exchange, and through its vehemence it brings about a further depreciation.

Until lately this tendency was somewhat balanced by a strong counteracting movement. Foreigners bought German stocks and shares and German real estate. They purchased huge quantities of German bank notes, and opened considerable accounts with German banks. These people prevented the decline of the mark for a long time; they offered, so to speak, gold credits to Germany, being willing to run the risk of being paid back in paper marks later on, when the mark has recovered; and they acted quite unconsciously as the saviours of international economics.

Since the payment of the first milliard for Reparation has thoroughly broken the resistance of the market, this movement has come to a kind of standstill. New investments are not sufficient to absorb the German offers of marks; there is even a danger that these old investments may be withdrawn as their owners get frightened. Large quantities of " frozen " marks are " thawed " and are flooding the market. The panic following the Upper Silesia decision has shown clearly that there is no further strong resistance on that account to the downgrade movement.

This downward movement cannot come to a standstill, for whenever things have settled down somehow, a new Reparation instalment falls due, and exchange tends to a new lower level. A big—transitory—premium is given to German exports; valuta-dumping begins afresh, disturbing

foreign markets; tariff legislation is introduced, anti-dumping Bills are passed, or if already in existence are being applied. German imports are forbidden. Prices rise in Germany, and another step in the social revolution, destroying the old-established society in Central Europe, is reached.

Is there a way out of it?

The stabilisation of the exchange has often been mentioned as such. However, stabilisation is not yet needed. There is no necessity to fix the relation of the German mark to gold at the present low level; but there is the necessity of preventing it from falling to a still lower level. It ought to be steadied; minimalisation of the mark might be the right word. It ought not to fall below a certain level, but it ought to have a chance to rise above it. If such a level could be found, an international banking agreement would be needed to maintain it, so that a sufficient amount of dollars or pounds could always be had at the price fixed. If that could be done, there would no longer be any bear speculation. There would be no further valuta-dumping, and consequently no need for anti-dumping legislation, and no further violent fluctuations in prices in Germany.

Many experts doubt the efficiency of such a measure. Inflation, they say, must stop first, and this can only be done if no more notes are printed to make up the deficit. In my humble opinion they are putting the cart before the horse. As long as there is no "minimalisation," no German Budget will ever balance. When the dollar is at 42 marks, it costs 10 billion marks paper to pay one billion marks gold; when it rises to 126 it costs 30, at 170 it will be 40. Under these conditions, the deficit in Germany is almost an automatic function of the fluctuations of the exchange, for the cost of the Services must rise parallel to them, while the revenue does not increase at the same rate. How on earth is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to budget for such fluctuations? He can scarcely reduce expenses by strict economy. The most important item, Reparation, cannot be reduced; and its payment forcing on inflation must depreciate money and swell the account.

Sound finance is impossible without the fixing of a minimum. As long as the paper currency goes on

depreciating, no long term loans can be placed in Germany, for the investor who, when the dollar costs 50 marks, lends the Government 1,000 marks or 20 dollars, is sure to lose the purchasing power of 10 dollars when the dollar goes up to 100 marks. There is ample paper money looking for investment in Germany, the boom on the Stock Exchange shows that clearly enough. But no one will invest in long term Government securities; the deficit must be met by Treasury bills, and Treasury bills are paid by the issue of new notes. When there is no risk of a further fall of the mark, but the chance of a rise, long term annuities could be floated, preparatory means for the balancing of the Budget could be carried, and this aim could be ultimately achieved. But this can only be done if the heavy list of the German payments is adjusted. Stabilisation or minimalisation is impossible as long as the balance of payment is getting more adverse every month. You cannot adjust the balance of a pair of scales by adding new weight to the one already overcharged. The empty scale must either be filled or the other scale must be lighted.

There are two ways of doing this. The yearly Reparation payments might simply be reduced so as to be within the limits of Germany's capacity to pay. I am not going to discuss this question. The Allies, especially France and Belgium, are depending on their payments. Moreover, it is almost impossible to state Germany's real capacity, things being as they are. But there is not the slightest doubt that the present payment is far beyond her present strength. This being so, the further spreading of economic anarchy arising from Reparation can only be prevented by a part of the payments of Germany being deferred. In the language of finance, they must be " funded " and added to the capital to be paid later on. If this were done, the effect on Germany's present balance of payment and on her exchange would be very remarkable. It is just such a measure as the United States Treasury applied towards their Allies when postponing the payment of interest until after April, 1922. It did not settle the question of indebtedness, but it did save the exchange for the time being.

But the nations entitled to German payments, especially France, are not in a position to postpone their demands

and to become deferred creditors. They want the money immediately. If the German exchange is to have a chance of recovery, somebody else must advance the cash with which she can pay France. Now the only country in a position to do this is the United States. But the United States is not likely to do it. In fact, they are now asking for the payment of interest from their Allies, which so far has been deferred. They are simply sick of Europe just now, and not inclined to throw good money after bad. Their leading men realise the seriousness of the situation, but they tell us that public opinion in the United States is not ripe for such an active policy. I am sure that they are right, but I know, too, that Europe is over-ripe and cannot stand much more maturing. Moreover, postponement can only settle the problem if the debtor's recovery is such as to enable him at a future day to pay his original debt plus accrued interest. Will such day ever come for Germany and will it come soon?

France cannot be satisfied with annual payments, she wants their capitalised value. The German annuity is supposed to be sufficient at present to pay 5 per cent. interest and 1 per cent. sinking fund on about 50 billion gold marks. These 50 billion 5 per cent. gold bonds have been handed to the Allies. France would like to place her share on the stock market. It is not very easy to do so at present. The rate of interest for all loans is very high; and the credit of Germany under the present circumstances is not very good. If the Allies succeeded at all, the bonds could only be placed very much below par; or, in other words, Germany has to pay a very high rate of interest, whilst France gets only a very moderate amount of capital. On a 10 per cent. basis the market value of the 50 billions is probably only 25 billions. Germany is crushed, and France is not saved. Apart from all political complications, the high rate of interest is the crux of the Reparation problem. There has been such an enormous destruction of capital that the tangible savings of the world are inadequate for the regular expansion of business and for floating the capitalised value of the Reparation payments.

During the war, the capital needed for carrying on was largely provided by a policy of "fiat money." Loans were floated, not so much by the transfer of existing capital

from its owners to the State, but by the creation of artificial credit. The result was inflation, with all its dire consequences. If the scarcity of capital alluded to above really exists, the international financial problem, according to my view, cannot be solved by applying to the stock market. The capitalists are not capable or not willing to provide the funds needed at reasonable terms, and the debtors, especially Germany, are unable to pay interest. Recourse must be had to the issue of some sort of paper money.

This money must, of course, be international. It must be accepted at its face value by all Governments or all central banks. It must be Government money only, *i.e.*, it ought not to be legal tender in private life. But it might be used as a special reserve against which the different Governments or the different banks could issue bank notes or certificates. Its total amount ought to be limited, and it would be redeemed at fixed dates. By the creation of such international money—it might be called gold certificates—the Reparation question might be solved.

A definite fixed sum—let us say the 50 billion mark gold of the Ultimatum—might be handed over to the Allied Governments in the proportion in which they are entitled to reparation. These certificates could be used for the paying off of foreign debts, for purchases or loans abroad, or as reserve for note issues at home. These might be called reconstruction notes. Germany would be bound to redeem annually a certain proportion of these gold certificates in gold marks, by handing in gold bills created by the sale of German goods. The amount due annually and the date of the payments could be settled in accordance with her capacity to pay, and with the inclination of the other nations to accept her commodities. The total sum could be issued in different slices, so that the amount of uncovered certificates would never be too great. France would receive cash, which she could use to clear off her international obligations, thereby easing and fixing her exchanges. England and the United States would be the ultimate receivers of the bulk of these certificates. In case they did not want to use them for payments or loans abroad or for the issue of corresponding currency at home, they would have to keep them in their vaults until redeemed.

During that period they would get no interest on them, but they would get back their capital. They would thus incur some loss, but it would be much smaller than the loss arising from a scheme of cancelling inter-allied debts which would deprive England and the United States of interest and capital as well. They would gain markets, for exchange would not decline any longer below a certain point, and they would get rid of German competition due to shocks of exchange. Germany's yearly payments could be greatly reduced. The payment to France of 10 billions on the Ultimatum plan necessitates the payment of about 1 billion a year for 30 years: the redemption of 10 billions certificates within 30 years could be done by a yearly payment of about 333 millions. The necessity of German exports, and with it the necessity of admitting German imports, would be reduced correspondingly. The further depreciation of the German exchange can be stopped, and the way to stabilisation may be prepared.

I am very well aware of the crudity of the scheme outlined, and of the dangers of inflation. But the problem seems to me this: Shall we incur a certain amount of limited and regulated international inflation by the issue of international paper, which will be funded by and by as the resources of the world increase; or shall we continue—nay, even force on—national inflation, until the financial life of Central Europe is beyond recovery and until economic dissolution will follow financial anarchy?

If there is enough capital in the world to save the situation, some plan ought to be devised to solve the problem on the basis of existing capital; if there is not, the fiction of making money which has been used during the war for destructive national purposes ought to be used for constructive international aims. But something must be done, and be done boldly, for the sands are running out.

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Traveller in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. Dent and Sons, Ltd. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

There is a peculiar savour about Mr. Hudson's work which haunts. At first, one is apt to be disappointed; but the matter sticks, and then one finds oneself returning to the volume, prizing it for some quality which appears elusive. It lingers. This is the virtue of his mind. Again, it is the liquid purity of his style. Lastly, it is because of a very subtle power of nature interpretation which enables him to become part of both what he writes about and of those who read him. In this volume of sketches Mr. Hudson reveals himself as the friend of little girls. There is a gallery of them, and their charm lies in their common fellowship. He is of them and with them. He is big enough so to understand the infantile maturity of the child-woman, not like J. M. Barrie, but humanly, directly, as companion. All these impressions are entirely delightful. A characteristic touch is Mr. Hudson's account of a fight with

an athletic youth over the killing of a wasp. There we have a key to his animalistic humanism. In a flash, the man stands out—over a breakfast-table scrimmage on behalf of a wasp. It is men like Hudson who are the genius of imperial England. His is a fundamental virility such as no other nation produces, for he is at once the artist and the true knight in armour. He is the very nobility of our English civilisation—the full, true man of honour and light.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

MODERN MEN AND MUMMERS. By HESKETH PEARSON. Geo. Allen and Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

EASILY the most quotable book since Margot, the Press has glittered with Mr. Pearson's collected gems and rather neglected Mr. Pearson. Let it be understood, then, that it is by no means upon the good things of others that this set of a dozen well-modelled and stylish portraits and about twice that number of piquant caricatures depends for its charm. Mr. Pearson is admirably endowed for the part of the "Chiel"; he has been "amang" them very effectively, and what he "prents" is done with much more heart, for example, than Mr. George Moore's cold confidences; and yet his geese are by no means all swans; some of them honk quite admirably—Tree and Stephen Phillips, for example. Of the lot, Bernard Shaw, Frank Harris, and Robert Ross are the most interesting, because they each talk at large about themselves and their most interesting contemporaries and tell us a lot of new things. Sir George Alexander appears in a fresh light as a perfect committeeman—almost a statesman *manqué*—whilst Litton Strachey, Forbes Robertson, Galton, and Frank Benson each yields a delightful portrait and a pleasantly informative appreciation. It is when he comes to his "Post Impressions" in the second part that Mr. Pearson really lets himself go. Wells, Gosse, Bourchier, Margot, Hall Caine, Bottomley, and Lloyd George each looks from a narrow frame etched with a lively point and bitten with *aqua fortis*. There are others which are graceful, dry points. A most amusing one-man show; but it must be rather difficult to be Mr. Hesketh Pearson now.

FICTION.

TO LET. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7*s.* net.

To Let winds up the Forsyte Saga, which began with *The Man of Property*: it will certainly be bought. Time has worked its changes upon the author, who himself has become a different man—maturer, more cynical, less passionately remote—and so from pure literary standards there is a notable easing off in keeping with the age. Colloquialisms, even *clichés*, are to be found; but why criticise? Nobody wants criticism. Mr. Galsworthy remains our most distinguished all-round writer, and in the love passages of this book he touches Meredithian heights, so lightly is the framework etched in, so sure is the expression. And "Property" figures to the end. It is the story of the fruits of property versus humanity: humanity wins. The old Victorian era is breaking up—how admirable the description of the old Victorian house! The girl is modern;

she does the kissing and the hunting. Finally, man emerges, and the last of the Forsytes surveys the wreckage wondering why he never got "the beauty and the loving of the world." One has the impression that Mr. Galsworthy, too, has wound up the past. Henceforth, he will strike but new lines. He seems a trifle bored with the saga, as it was. Like so many, he appears to be awaiting the new inspiration. A brilliant, fascinating book.

IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

WINTER does come with a vengeance in the last few chapters of Mr. Hutchinson's new book, with just a promise of Shelley's Spring to round off the story. In this one feels that the author is almost unnecessarily hard on his hero, Mark Sabre, for the spectacle of a good man suffering adversity needs a Lear or a Job to give the austere note due tragic authority, and as most of the cumulative disaster is related by the garrulous and slangy "Hapgood"—a remarkably attractive character, by the way—there is some loss of dignity in the epic. Still, *If Winter Comes* is a remarkably clever and interesting story; Mr. Hutchinson plays himself in rather slowly, but gives the atmosphere and intention of his central character with great force and completeness. Mabel, the hard, conventional wife, is a complete study of self-satisfied upper-middleism, and "Nona Lady Tyhar" and "Effie" are excellent foils and complements to her. Characterisation is Mr. Hutchinson's strong suit, and the little pictures of "Mr. Fortune," the reverend "Boom Bagshaw," "Twynny," and "Lord Tyhar" are wonderful bits of actuality. Altogether, *If Winter Comes* has all the known quality of its author's sincerity and depth, and is a book which helps to fulfil his high and serious promise.

THEIR HEARTS. By VIOLET HUNT. Stanley Paul. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

MARTHA AND MARY. By O. M. SALTER. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE WHITE RIBAND. By F. TENNYSON-JESSE. Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF these novels could be translated into foreign tongues, they would go far to remove our reproach among the nations. The craftsmanship of these books is adequate to the art set forth, and the stories are concerned with those fundamental emotions which bring events to pass.

The scene of *Their Hearts* is Victorian, that stucco front and sordid back which housed as vivid a life as informs the ultra-modern *Martha and Mary*. Indeed, these books, showing how wide has been the swing of the pendulum, how different are the Victorian and Georgian points of view, should be read together. Violet Hunt and Olive Salter have eliminated the author, presenting the characters through the austere medium of their mental and emotional processes; but whereas the former makes an effect of subtlety, especially in the portrayal of Mr. Bulfame through his letters and his effect on other people, the latter is of a candour and simplicity as refreshing as spring water.

Books come slowly from the pen of Miss Tennyson-Jesse, and

The White Riband has been crystallising into its ten chapters for "teens of years," crystallising until a word added or taken away would have detracted from its finish. This tragedy of an immature girl, lightly, surely told, has a charm of form not usual in an English book. Tennyson (Miss Jesse's great-uncle) had the same sense of technique; but he lacked the emotional power which makes *The White Riband* live.

POETRY.

DOWN HERE THE HAWTHORNS. By THOMAS MOULT. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

READERS of THE ENGLISH REVIEW know Mr. Moult as an authentic voice amongst the young poets, who do not deal in psalmody shackled in the old geometric forms, but breathe a more spontaneous and impromptu music, as who singing from the heart at large in the face of Nature, on the tide of swift emotion, with the sense of living form beating a wild, attractive measure to give the rhythm of passion and the delight of sudden concord—unpremeditated and exhilarating. Such a form demands high qualities of inspiration and apprehension, and in these collected poems there is not one which is not an achievement. All the beauty and seriousness of moor and dale—of the sweep of the winds and the circling seasons—is implicit in these poems, to which a touch of runic angularity, and more than a touch of northern directness, give a singular authority. Tender, wistful, exuberant, or grave, these poems are instinct with the deep, sweet things of living and of loving, and filled with the serene health of the unchanging hills.

SHEPHERD SINGING RAGTIME, AND OTHER POEMS. By LOUIS GOLDING. Christophers. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

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